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UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

A REVIEW

OF THE

REVIEWERS AND REPUDIATORS

OF

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN BY MRS. STOWE.

BY F. C. ADAMS,
LATE OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESTNUT ST.,
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A REVIEW FROM HOME

IN ANSWER TO THE REVIEWERS AND REPUDIATORS

OF

Uncle Tom's Cabin

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY

F. C. ADAMS.

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Introduction.

We have taken up the book upon its merits in answer to those who have preceded us upon its demerits. We have viewed its spirit and intention at variance with its violent adversaries, and we know there are many good Southerners who do not differ with our opinions, and who would fain see the cankering evil removed. In their hands lies the remedy; and if they will but apply it, they can disarm their enemies. The point is there; and while the many happy associations which undoubtedly exist between master and servant should be properly valued, the imperfections and miseries of an institution, that weighs heavy in the balance of a great country, should not be buried under their mantle. There are many phases in the institution, and we shall endeavour to give those phases impartially in a forthcoming work. The Southerner knows, and acknowledges the evil which is upon him—and if he will, he can do more to stay the bad master's cruelty than all the force of organised bodies at a distance. In our com-

parisons we have not wandered far away from the homes of the reviewers who have preceded us, and have only cited such instances as must be familiar to them, and to which we have called the attention of our brethern of the press, while at the south. We give the facts with a knowledge that no fiction, however great the scope of imagination may be, can out-glare the reality in its dark phase, pictured by the Author.

F. C. ADAMS.

CHARLESTON, 1853.

Uncle Tom at Home.

A REVIEW TO THE REVIEWERS.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

THAT book of books, that has passed the ordeal of all scribblers, from the lordly down to the penny-a-liner, still continues unharmed. It has afforded many themes for little genius, and great points for great men, who have poured out their vehemence against it only to give it greater pre-eminence. And now that Southern criticism has exhausted itself, ceased its struggles, and yielded its force to Northern champions, who out-southern Southerners in the front rank of the pro-slavery charge. From the sagacious political reviewer, who has heaped his vengeance upon its pilgrim head, it has passed to the more amiable *month-lies*, who have hitherto contented themselves with

pleasant musings, and governed their modesty to please fair ladies. These latter, with Godey and Graham's goodly numbers combined, have assumed the sponsorship, and aspire to do for the South what the South will not do for herself—uphold the wrongs of slavery. Their motive is their own—we shall pass it, and if their hopes be realized, let us trust the recompense will be applied to a good cause. Since it is so, we claim a right to make a few remarks from a home source—a simple, comparative review, which can neither offend nor injure a good cause.

But let us ask: why has South Carolina shown such manifold earnestness in her rebukes against a "Yankee Woman's" little book? Her sensitive chivalry seems shocked; the theory of her fortunes is told; truth is uncomfortable, and her slave philosophy quails beneath its influence. Her best panegyrists have come forth to preserve her honour, disclosing the secret of making base spirits noble, and with singularly potent and persuasive sunny effusions, plead the intensity of love for truth. Are they sincere?

Poor "Uncle Tom," like a pilgrim on his weary way, still continues through Christendom. What

a lie-reading world this of ours must be, if Southern statements be true!

But if South Carolina criticism be true, why not give it to us by a rule of consistency? not by that vain flourish that would encircle wrong with an excessive brightness, and make South Carolina the principality of the South.

The criminal trembles when truth is deposed against him—so it is with those who oppose the material subject of this book, reviewing it upon technicalities instead of principle, and thus South Carolina, more sickly than her sisters, calls loudest for a physician.

The truth lays prostrate at her own door, and her defenders make her wrongs right with the beauty of abstractions, rather than acknowledge the evil, and create justice the guardian of power. The simple truth has found its way, amid her hampered necessities, to the very fountain of material wrong, kindling the inventive ambition of her valiant sons; and unblushing in that shame which sets the moralist and philanthropist at defiance, they come forward to the world to tell it of *pious* slavery and its joys.

If slavery be full of joy and piety, why nurture

that spirit, so manifestly your own, that would plunge a dagger to the heart of him who dare speak *liberty* in your streets? These loud acclamations, "soundings of joy," "beauties of truth," and domestic homilies, cannot awaken the sympathy of common sense, much less the confidence of those who have been casual sojourners in the South.

But it may be asked, why do we take up the book?

We answer, because we have witnessed the manifest workings of that peculiar institution—seen the different phases of Southern life, and watched them in their changing attitudes. And while doing this, it was the fortune of our misfortunes to be placed where we could witness the misery, woe, suffering and brutality of the slave system. Yea—not only the miseries of the slave system itself, but the dissolute and degraded condition which it entailed upon the poor, labouring whites. The *primrose* of a name has done much for the South, and yet all is not substance that glitters there; the legends of her shaded bowers, vast plantations, noble hearted planters with *human* wealth in store, are things that have lived in a name and die in the shadow.

To South Carolina they are like the golden dream of her Southern Congress, and *home* prized equanimity—things lost in their own existence. True generosity and hospitality have their foundations at home; and it becomes us to inquire how far we must credit the grandeur of those noble characteristics to those who would starve a human being at home—estrange the last stage of spent life—measure his peck of corn with mathematical exactness, and quibble over his task to sound a name abroad. Men who mount upon the higher impulse of popular ascendency must maintain it by justice and right; they must second their protestations with the patriotism of justice in its moral and legal qualifications; they must first recognize the things that are around them, calling for the good will of man to man. The day has passed when men could mount some high-born pinnacle, and sound their stentorious voices in behalf of the moral grandeur of an institution, when its hideous vices stared them in the face at every turn. Such soundings have become ineffectual, their misconstructions too glaring, and the motive too boldly outlined to need a delineator. But we will discuss these things in their proper places.

The vivid recollection of many happy associations at the South, the friendship we have met, the kindness of those who knew us through strange vicissitudes, and our well known position, constrains us to touch many things as lightly as possible, and to pay due deference to the fine-strung sensibilities of our brethren. We take up the subject of the book in admiration of its truthful delineation of a species of Southern life, and the spirit of its intention, to point those who have gone before us, especially W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., to facts which are seemingly overlooked. Let us *hope* it was not intentional, nor shared for the hope of gain or fame.

The question is, *the book;* the "Yankee Woman's" book—its truth or falsehood.

Christendom has passed judgment upon it, and South Carolina has repudiated it. Her chivalrous sons, from the poet and play-*writer* to the wayfaring scribbler, who throws his mite into the hopper to decorate the columns of "the *Courier*," have volunteered their energy, fervor and wisdom to thwart the influence of a "Yankee Woman's" little book. There is a fanciful pleasure in cherishing these domestic offsprings, harmless abroad,

and so in keeping with those spirit-burning toasts at home, that they become the best and most valuable advertisements of the book. They carry the feelings of a vigorous minority into the keen senses of the distant observer, showing that the truth must be strong against a selfish institution, when so much fiery opposition is marshalled to repel such a small messenger.

Many of these harmless, little flashes of the brain are beneath criticism, for they neither impart character, regard truth, nor plead the honest Southerner's cause.

Before we take up Mr. Simms' "Southern view," we must give a passing notice of that *novel* and particular point in a work—well digested in South Carolina—entitled, "Slavery in the Southern States," the accredited production of a Mr. P ——, a member of the legal profession in Charleston, claiming caste in the higher walk.

We will not charge Mr. P—— with want of forbearance in his mission, nor lack of profound devotion to his cause—for in these Mr. Simms would have added consistency to his review had he copied his moderation. But unfortunately for the genius of Mr. P——, he has shown the com-

plex nature of his subject to be so great that he is troubled to find a beginning, and stop at the ending. Enjoining many good things upon an incurious and forbearing public, he seems to forget that in displaying the beauty of *amiable* weakness the object of the book is lost upon the mind of the general reader, and that which he intended for force is taken for speculation. The reader will ask us, What is Mr. P——'s object?

It is to prove that slavery enforces Christianity —in other words, that it is a divine transcendent. With his ascetic mode of reasoning, he has not classified the sources from which he has drawn his result, nor given us the difference between the established *morale* of true Christianity, and the Christianity of usage made to conserve obedience. Nor has he descended to the latent power which holds the absolute force and intention of his own involuntary Christianity. The Southerner tells you 'twere well to Christianize his property because of its value, and as a better means of subjection. At the same time he tells you the church is all humbug, and holding absolute power over the material object, he becomes the self-appointed apostle of its Christian virtues. According to Mr.

P——'s dictum the whole force of this species of Christianity is dependent upon the moral character of the slaveholder; yet he has not given us the quality of that morality, which, according to his own arguments, is to become the great regulator of his divine institution. We have no inclination to question the scale of morality with Southerners, nor its influence upon the slave, who, by necessity, studies his master's nature, and frequently copies his vices; but the proof against Mr. P——'s doctrine is too deeply founded in national sense to need any further strength of argument.

Nor do we want their mathematical and metaphysical conclusions, because there is a more simple mode of testing them; yet we are at a loss to know how Mr. P——, with his own private knowledge, could have arrived at such Christian conclusions, unless he has fallen into those by-gone errors of a forced theology, overlooking the truth of practical results, illustrated at his own door.

In all our intercourse with Southerners, we never heard one claim moral caste for the institution of slavery; but not unfrequently have we heard them denounce instances of outrage upon

chastity, sustained in the rights of the master, and beyond the remedy of laws made to govern the outraged. With our knowledge of social life in Charleston, we feel no hesitation in saying, that Mr. P——'s erudition in behalf of the divine precepts of slavery will prove as novel to Southern readers, as it will be forcible to those of more Northern sensibility. But the reader must remember that the quality, depth, and attributes of Christianity, according to the rule of progress, are at the present day measured by a scale of locality. That which is made the medium of an accommodating morality in Charleston, would be rejected as unwholesome by the sterner judgment of the New Englander.

Upon these considerations, we can be charitable with Mr. P——, and attribute his singular errors to the fact of having founded the sliding-scale of his Christian conclusions upon the texture of this species of morality—a morality opening a grand arena for the pleasures of those who wish to enjoy. It was fortunate for the author that his book came out at an unfortunate time, otherwise his reputation for literary pursuits would have reflected upon his legal abilities: yet there is nothing without

its consolation, and Mr. P—— has his in a knowledge of his book being a book *for home*, and not for the critical observation of a reading public in this enlightened age. He has lost the medium which enlists the confidence of the common reader, in trying to bury the issue of natural law with the beauties of his pen; a fault much in vogue by those who consider themselves polished writers.

Had he traced the effect of a small minority governing a majority, he would have qualified his moral disclosures, and made a small exception for those evils which must naturally arise from the force of power necessary to subject one to the will of the other. Or if he had treasured his divine discoveries, contrasted them with the prospect of that majority being held in an absolute and abject condition, subject to the good or bad traits of the master's character—his positive will—changing fortunes, and those unforeseen events which have brought so many poor wretches into the hands of tyrants, he would have added force and consistency to his book, strengthening the better division of his cause. His efforts might have promised something in the future, instead of burdening his logic with the beauties of slave-life. His

generosity would have had life, and he, with some plausibility, claimed a hopeful diffusion of spiritual life for his slave, and made the common reader believe there was truth in it.

Our object being to notice the book upon one point only—the only one upon which it claims attention, we shall give Mr. P—— a simple contrast, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. It is a simple and singular process of testing Mr. P——'s logic, but having lived in his own neighbourhood we will invite him to its standard of morality.

Will you go with us into the innumerable byways of your "sunny city?" They are lined with little cottages, inhabited by semi-saxon females, whose flaxen-headed children know a father—not to recognise him as such, but to fear him. We will enter together! The picture around us is full of measured humbleness—shall we ask the unhappy woman who prides in being the mistress of a *gentleman*, who is her "*friend?*" No, we will not ask her, for custom has made it a social generality—*we know!* Let us trace him to his mansion, because they are things of common life. He has a pretty family there, and they go to

church *every* Sunday. Certainly! there's no getting over that—and papa goes *too*, puts on one of the very best faces for Christian modesty, opens the prayer book for dear wife, pats the little legitimates on the head, and reminds them of their duty to the good parson's sermon. While this very necessary species of puritanism is manifesting itself below, his pensive mistress sits in the gallery, enjoying the sovereign contemplation of her own feelings. Around her, are those little, interesting intermixtures, *doubted* and disowned, peeking over the railing at "*daddy below*," like as many ferrets motioning about a stone wall: but they must not insinuate with their fingers.

There is a wide difference between the quantity and quality of Christianity; and the latter should be well judged before the former is credited.

We are treading on delicate ground; but must invite Mr. P—— to go further with us, and be a missionary among the specimens.

Which way will you go—east, west, north or south? We are now in the centre of the city, and the course is immaterial. The same prospect is before us in every street, lane, and alley, and on the *neck*. Here are the demonstrators—you

know them, and you must not shut your eyes, nor feel about for Christianity. Well! we'll step into Old Ned Johnson's on the neck. It is a miserable rookery, but an average sample of those "*all around town*"—not excepting those attached to several princely dwellings. Don't stop at the door, because it "a'nt so neat as your own little place." Sit down on that primitive box by the fire-place. Yes, that's well; put your handkerchief over it. "Ned don't keep things the nicest," nor does "old Misses lef' um nuf to hab' chare fo gemmen." Ned's simple story is a counterpart of what could be told by thousands in your city—at least, seven-tenths of the coloured population of your city.

Ned is one of the cleverest "old niggers" about; black as a crow, honest as *any nigger*, "*for all niggers 'll steal*," and has always worked *just like a* nigger. His wench, old Mumma, is as motherly an old "thing" as you ever did see, and a Christian at that. Yes, just as sound as a nutmeg in her belief, and thinks she'll go to heaven just as "straight as white folks." You must see her, and learn from her the very best original ideas of Christianity; give ear to her simple

dialogue—and if you comprehend her logic, it may assist in propping up your new system of Christianity—founded upon the slave law. Ned will go and bring her in.

Three young imps, as "black as vengeance," half naked, and as dirty as wharf-rats, come scampering into the house—perfect pictures of Old Ned. They rumage about the house, and in the old basket where Ned keeps his "nigger fodder, "to find some corn cake. But da's nofin da', no corn to make im wid." Its scratching times with Ned; he's been laid up nearly a week with a lame arm, his time is running on, and that old widow A——m would grind his marrow bones for the wages.

You say:—"Well—we—know; there's a good many hard cases about town—and especially these foreigners that buy slaves to profit by their increase, selling their own children in the market. But—good Lord, it would'nt do to be everlastingly bothering yer head about the troubles between niggers and their masters. Its infernal unpopular; you'd get yourself into a pretty fix about town."

Ned has returned, and with an humble suavity,

informs us that Mumma "come fo' soon." She's got some work at fifty cents a day, which will help to pay old Misses for Ned's time. Let us ask Ned a few questions.

"How old are you, Ned?"

"Ha! hah!! ha-e!!! Why Massa, hard fo'h tell dat. Spose I's 'bout sixty som 'ow. Old Miss say 't'ant so by good pile. Lor, Ned know what Old Miss up to. Can't wuk no how, Massa, like when I out on old Massa plantation; old Miss know dat, 'but no' lef im gone; drive old Ned jus so yet."

"Where do you work, Ned?"

"I stows cotton on de waf; I'ze fus rate at dat; gets dollar and seven pence a day."

"How much a month do you give old Missis for your time—clear share?"

"Why Lor, Massa, dat 'quire some calatin. When old Massa lib' an I cumes down to wuk ater all done gone on plantation, den I pays old Massa twenty dollars ebey mont. Old Massa good old boss; when Ned did im up right, gin um dollar now and den!"

"We don't care about that; we want to know what you pay now!"

"Well, old Massa die—good old soul; you now'd him Mass P——, dat you did. Den Massa Genl. Hamilton cum cecutor ob de state; he no'd I 'warnt right, an 'e jus make old Miss content ersef wid sixteen dollars."

"Do you support your wife and family with the balance?"

"Sartin—must do dat, an old Miss such straight Christian make Ned gib for'h dollars fo church ebe year. Old Miss look right sharp fo' cash. Put em-up in jail once, den send em to wok-ouse, and give em hinger cus lef wages run pass one week! Lor, Massa, Old Ned seen some ard time in is life—tell you dat. But my old woman gals got fuss rate friends—*help some, old Miss know dat.*"

"Ah! how's that? What's the difference between your children and her children?"

"Whew! mighty site massa, you know dat. *Don't* take no losopher what own slaves to reckon!"

"How long have you been married, Ned?"

"Massa, jus long nuf 't hab dem tree," pointing to the woolly-headed imps who had huddled into the fire place. "Old woman hab two '*bright gal*' fo I marry her!" he continues with emphasis.

O yes! she was a widow when you married her:—****.

"Massa, I sees yes green, 'aint liv souf long no how. Old Massa know all bout dem gal. He says gwine to lef 'em free when 'e die; but *Buckra* very unsartin, an 'e don know if 'e die wen he gwine to. Old Miss watch dat an put em fo'h true. Boff on em be *mighty likely gals.*"

"Well, Ned, where is Nancy now?"

"Lor, Massa, you knows; her friend keep big store on *de Bay* (street next the wharves). "Da 'ant no bigger geman den he bout town."

"Did he buy her from old Missis?"

"He did dat—gin her nine hundred dollar. Nancy got right smart boy now, jus as bright as you is, Massa."

"Misses always goes to church—does she Ned?"

"Yah! yah!! yah!!! she what do dat; neber hear church bell ring widout see old Misses gwine."

"Honest Christian! What a pleasure there is in faith," thought we.

"Did she ever sell you, Ned?"

"Old Missis get strange bout two year ater old Massa die, and sell me way down Christ Parish —get right good heap for me den. But lor, Mas-

sa, dey work nigger down da anyhow, and don't gin notin to eat nohow. It aint no way to make nigger wuk so. No bacon to grese 'e troat wid, and stick de lash to 'e back so! I mose dead in two years, and beg old Miss to buy me back, cos I warn't wuf much nohow."

"What did they feed you on, Ned, and what were your Christian principles?"

"Just what all Massa's gib nigger down yonder—peck corn every week—nofin else. Massa how I gwine to be Christian? No lef em read—no Church, and Massa Carl say work for sef on Sunday, get bacon. Massa take 'e dog an go hunt Sunday. Nigger work 'e own *patch* for get bacon and lasses. Mighty few planters what gib nigger bacon down Christ Parish."

"Could'nt you steal, Ned?"

"Why, Massa, jes foce to dat—do I warnt Christian. Buckra man say all nigger steal—spose I jes' well own him. But Massa, nigger don't steal wus den Buckra gin him same chance for nuff to eat. But 'e mighty dangerous business fo' nigger. We tefe Massa Genl. Quattlebum hog down swamp one night. Massa Genl. hear de sarpent squeal, an cum wid 'e gun. Whiz! ziz!!

ziz!!! de way he shoot 'em wid 'e double barrel mose kill Jef an me—den old Massa *buck* de whole on us next mornin. Lor, I beg old Miss take me back, so I see my old woman. Old Miss tink sometime by-'n-bye feel like Christian an did em straight. Iz a Christian now, Massa, an wanted to be one den, but old Massa no lef em nohow."

Here comes old Mumma; a description of her is unnecessary—we only want her simple experience in our author's theology. She has been a hard worker in virtuous toil, and yet she struggles to get the price of a corn cake and a little hominy. Two beautiful "bright gals" follow her. They are finely formed, with classic faces, features well developed, and enlivened by the striking beauties of Saxon birth. One seems a few years older than the other—neither look like Mumma, and yet they are hers. She's right glad to see us, but her domicile is the index of poverty, and she feels conscious that she cannot receive us properly. But we must know her experience.

"Mumma, what has made you a good Christian?"

"Don know dat?—Why, de Lord! dat jus as sartin as Massa Buckra preach." * * * * * * *

"Well, Mumma, whose girls are these?"

"O, dem mine fa' true: hab dem long time ago. Old Massa high old boy den."

"And these little woolly-headed rascals—yours too, Mumma?"

"Jus so true—Ned know dat."

"Ah, Mumma!" * * * * * * *

"Why Lor, Massa, how I helf him? Old Massa own me den, an 'e lash 'e back———."

"Were you a Christian then, Mumma?"

"P—s—h!! What you ax dat fo'? How I be Christian wen Massa no lef em! *Iz go for Church den.* Cus Massa say he best; and nigger alays like to! Ater Ned and I gets married fo' true den I jins de Church wid Ned—true Christian den!"

"Is your eldest daughter married, Mumma?"

"Why, Massa, she married jus like all bright gals.———Her friend buy her of old Missis long time ago. He rich geman—'*do well*' by her so far: God know Massa how long he last so; *Buckra* very unsartin in such tings. Just like 'e marry somebody, den send she to Old Massa Gadsden for sell—" * * * *

This is a simple mode of testing the quality of

Mr. P——'s specific theology; but we must proceed a little further.

"Does she go to church, Mumma?"

"I would'nt be dat gal if she didn't go to church—neber miss em. She just de Christian what 'Buckra man' make her."

"About this other one, Mumma—Christian too?"

"Why, Massa, what make 'e ax sich questions—ye 'ant parson nohow:—Her 'friend' fus rate geman—but im done want nofin said bout it cos he jine de church 'e sef. Old Misses know it sartin fo true."

"Does Old Misses own her yet?"

"Lor, yes! Dat gal pay Old Miss four dollar ebe week—*clare at dat.*"

"There's no doubt of Old Missis being a good Christian?"

"Massa, you know Old Miss; she's jist the straifist Christian ye ever seed—say prayer an reckon on what parson say wid de gospel straight in 'er eye."

Let us ask Mr. P—— if he can walk the streets of Charleston without these evidences staring him in the face at every step? Custom

has tolerated them, and the most flagrant licentiousness finds an apology in his arguments. Go where you will, and you find this debasing moth spreading disease in the humble artizan's domicile, and gathering around the mazes of your social castes. Virtue has become divisional, prized in one sphere and invalid in another, and men treat it as a thing of little worth—*save* what serves the needs of home. This is commented upon at home, lamented, and even censured by your better citizens.

Why deny their existence? Time and space have become annihilated by the progress of the age. Men look for themselves, and as you are not beyond the sphere of observation, they have their opinions upon the things of common observation. The proof, governed by this, places your arguments in an unenviable light, showing the weakness of your tenacity. Were it not that we know the sensitive observation of the author, we might excuse the motive, and advise him to *study life in his own city.*

We have merely traced this mingling of the species on a retrograde scale; if our learned friend wishes us to trace its mathematical details

to the issue—bringing the lawful and social effects of the institution to their proper place—we will do so. The task is no difficult one, a child may point to it with unerring aim—and yet you seem not to see it.

Let us go back to the church; take these two interesting families, one setting in the richly cushioned pew, the other in the gallery. Reader, do not blush! We are only reasoning upon common principles of natural law—that is, according to the principles of Southern theology. Perhaps we should have particularized upon our own discernment, arranging the very fine traces of the combined fabric into classes, and defined the effect upon each. In this Mr. P—— must excuse us, for having wandered beyond his own depths in material metaphysics. We have no inclination to follow him, resting our apology upon the plea of indefinite latitude, and the delicate colouring it would give to his licensed Christianity.

Between these families the laws of nature have made but a small division, yet establishing the same natural affections. By the laws and customs of slavery, a parent is made to disown his own material offspring—instead of restoring them to a

seat of elevation. Usage countenances the materiality in the parents, makes the mother abject, and the father ashamed of its effects. He sees the life-blood of his own being, but dare not recognize it because its spiritual life is branded with shame. Its ambition becomes ineffectual, thus hung between law and custom, and in a majority of cases deprives it of a higher transformation, making the misery that surrounds it more painful. Here the father is compelled to foster unnatural feelings to counteract natural affections—evading the natural and destroying the better qualifications of domestic goodness. This accounts for that unholy and worst phase of slavery—men selling their own children, which we have frequently witnessed, and heard denounced at the public vendue.

Thus, while Mr. P——* is struggling to establish a Christian adultery, these combined particles of Saxon and African nature are transforming themselves into a process of degeneration, hurried onward by a singular contrariety between law and custom. How is this? It is simply because these unfortunates have the same blood quickening

* Slavery in the Southern States, by a Carolinian.

through their veins that the legitimates have. They know them, with the feelings of brother and sister, but the ardour to breathe the love of brother and sister is rejected by a *point* of law, and forced obedience.

Three of this law-distrained family are females, pretty, interesting, and "likely." The pride of parentage burns within them—they speak of it, and cherish the phantom of a father's wealth; but they must only mention it to those of their class, or those who question them as friends. Here they are poised between the stimulant of pride and the force of shame. Shall they cast themselves into Afric's darkness, or proceed to transform themselves into a higher state of Saxon blood? They cannot do the latter, for the mother is the testor, and she continues to be a negro to the law, though her skin become as white as snow. She can be as black as any nigger, or as *white as any nigger*, and yet she is a nigger at last, entailing the same transcendent upon her offspring. The law rules by the mother, the father being a negative dependence. "Niggers" and white men are distinctive in the South, both in law and custom—without regard to the qualifications of the latter or the

contrasting tints of the former. This may be right if constructed to serve a moral purpose; but where it is made to conserve a medium of degradation it becomes most intolerant.

We have seen negroes much *whiter* than whites, morally and sightly, and yet they were held by the thumb-screw of law, the bond property of man. Some amusingly nice points of jurisprudence have been developed in South Carolina, where white men have been compelled to prove themselves such, in order to escape the escheator of the State. In these cases her learned Judges displayed deep metaphysical research, and a knowledge of transmutability far above their legal erudition. But to these children.

In their own feelings they are not "*niggers*," and to call them such intentionally, or unintentionally, would be a painful offence; nor do they recognise their mother as such, although custom having placed her in the category—and by law the property of the master, as well as his mistress, she can be nothing else. They talk of "niggers" just as *we* do, aspire to something more graceful, repulsing the idea of associating with "darkies," and as a seeming necessity, find themselves entan-

gled in a mistress's guilty love—by force, consent, sales, voluntary asperities, or by a false measure of friendship. They are all equally demoralising in their effects upon society, and may be traced to that force of law which gives one class power to hold another in an abject position, and makes necessity the mother of shame.

If the father be a good, "generous-souled Southerner," he will do well by them, and their *friends* will see them "righted." At the same time they hang by a thread, subject to all the father's change of fortune, unforeseen incidents and impulse of feeling, and the capricious abandonment of "friends." They are still the property of his estate, and the objects of administration; and the worst features of their misfortunes is that which subjects them to the will of executors and the avarice of heirs. We have seen this painfully carried out. If Mr. P—— wishes us to *cite cases*, we will refer him to the judicial records of his own district.

He has given us a book setting forth the divine love of Christian adultery, over which *John Bunyan* might have wept in mimic sorrow, and *Whitefield* shown his love for Bible texts. As "God is love" to those who love him, so our author must

have imagined his book a sunny legend of loveliness, domestic piety, and good will for those who flatter his logic while enjoying the benefit of its elements. But let us admit, for argument, that this property remains in *statu-quo;* does not seven-tenths of it, after suffering a series of abandonment by "friends," realize its deplorable condition, and seek a lower association than the "miserable nigger?" Our observation has brought us to this conclusion. Thus in that phase of slave-life it is working to the worst retrograde state. This is the most practical result; sometimes it is otherwise, and if they fall into strange hands and are sent off—to where, is not for the every-day business man to know—some live to eke out a miserable life of which the New Englander has no conception.

Now Mr. P——, can you stand in a city where this is but a feeble picture on the panorama that is every day moving before your eyes, and contradict your own feelings by statements that astound common sense? Can you see specific and legalized vice stalking abroad at noon-day, filling your by-ways and market-places, enveloping it in a mantle of crime at night, and tell us it is not so? Had you

listened to the independent voice that denounced it, in Hibernian hall, a few months ago—pointing out those who gave it life, and fostered its corruption—and noted the unpopular feeling that awaited him, you would have found exceptions for Christian slavery, saving the expense of that theology which you have founded upon the ruins of morality.

Examine its complex system where you may—in the parlour, among the mechanics, in the field, branches of labour about the city, or in the mistress' humble shelter, the same effects of necessity and blasted emblems of social life are there, living in the hope of Christian adultery. We trace the dark labyrinth where nature's mystery hangs her veil, and there we find the cause. In that specific construction of law—made to concert power against a class whose lives are negative to themselves, and while they assume to protect them, give them no access to them—these laws have but a statute *existence*, and are not only made null by the social complexion of society, but cease to be effectual through the prerogative and popular administration of common law. Trace the statutes of South Carolina from 1803 to

the present time, and you will find them disposing of the rights of the slave, founded upon fear, and made to subserve the white man's power. We mean those which refer to the coloured population, *the acts of the assembly*. So far as the female is concerned, her virtue is not her own, neither socially nor lawfully. This our learned friend will not deny, in face of the statutes and *city life as it is*.

We can forgive him through charity, charge his errors to that natural fault, local carelessness, and hope that he will become a good commoner, searching out the truths that surround his home, and use them for the grandeur of a pre-eminent name. Let us indulge the belief, that when he formed the thread of his divine work he had been studying *Bishop Butler*, and became confused in comprehending the following passage: "It was taken for granted that Christianity was not so much as a subject for inquiry, but was at length discovered to be fictitious. And men treated it as if this were an agreed point among all people of discernment."

Such Christianity is worthy of the protection of her chivalry, lest, like the "southern press," it

should die in the lap of her charity. It will die its own martyr ere it has truth for human ears.

We leave Mr. P——, his book, logic, and Christianity to the common sense of the common reader, and turn to W. Gilmore Simms' "Southern View."

Mr. Simms is a friend and brother, a scholar, and a gentleman of noble parts. He has done many good things for the literature of his country, and for the genius of his own State. But in keeping with the neglect of its sons, they have been slow to acknowledge it; notwithstanding the beauty of his imagination was forced into their senses by many a "well said" notice.

In his "Southern View" of Mrs. Stowe's book, he has left the facts strewed around his own door unnoticed, and rambled through distant States for evidence against a "Yankee woman's" book, with too many truths for his own port-folio. Coming forward to lead a forlorn hope, those who smile at his ingenuity will not follow him, because they know the ground-work of his efforts. A few may share in his goodness, for it is comprehensive and kindly to their supposed interests, spreading a balmy atmosphere over their gains—but the deep-

thinker wonders at his expectations. In the "wrath" of his surcharged brain, he has given to the "*world*" a "Southern view," which, could the world read it, would give him fame beyond his "Yemassee" or "Norman Morris." He has dogmatized the language of a lady, whose genius as a brilliant writer, at least, should have entitled her to common respect; depicted her motives as infamous, obscene, and false to the core. Could we have held his hand, and restrained him from dipping his pen in that cess-pool of low tirade, he would not have tarnished his purpose while struggling to *touch* the reputation of a lady. He is the guardian of his own reputation, and if he has set it on a needle's point for the pleasure of the few and faithful, it needs no foreseeing efforts to discern the consequences.

We wish it were otherwise—it is our earnest wish, for we have admired his amiable talent, noble nature, social qualities, and faithful motto. Pleased with the emanations of his mind, skimming the smoother surface of life, seldom ploughing into the rough soil, we read them with interest. The lack in the picture of life was made up in the suffusion of language—and language that had

meaning. It is upon these points that he has extended his comments on Mrs. Stowe's book, endeavouring to show her an inconsistent writer; reviewing upon technicality instead of generality—upon point instead of *prima facia* construction. Let us say to those who read what we write, that when his congenial affections become quickened to a sense of the reality, his mild nature moving in its wonted sphere of contemplation, and chivalry resumes its lustre, he will look around him, and upon this "Southern View" which he has given to the world; and with pained feelings wish it back to his "Woodland home," to bury it beneath the unsold piles of his "Wigwam and Cabin."

The reading of his "*view*," its violating invective, sweeping disregard of material evidence, and struggling purpose, first called to our attention by a friend and admirer of his, prompted us to reply. In this we shall show that in his vain endeavours to smother the realities of *secret-life* in the South, he has played the unconscious fool with himself, ceased to respect his better feelings, and belied domestic wrong; that he has wandered from his home intentionally, turned his back upon the things

which belong to a *novel*-writer, for a purpose, and struggled to drag in false policy, laid the scalpel deeper at the root of a *good* master's interest than Mrs. Stowe has done. And why?

Because he has denied the truth which stands recorded in his own district, and given the world a ribald tirade, bearing on its face the strongest evidence of gross inconsistency. That which denies the whole tenor of the book with one fell swoop, is the strongest evidence of an ultimate intention. The reader will detect it at a glance. How much better it would have been had he evinced more of Melancthon's loving nature, acted the part of a John Howard, going into his own city, and learning the miseries that there exist. He would have imparted honest intention, character, earnestness, and an anxiety for her welfare; perhaps reduced the number of five hundred guardsmen watching her fears.

Our first impressions of the book were singularly different, and we cannot help referring to them in this instance.

On its first appearance in Charleston, we were enjoying the contemplation of Southern politics and managerial life, their uncertainties and hope-

lessness. A little book which Mrs. Somebody had, a few had read, and everybody denounced as "*awful*," had *come* among us. It seemed like Babylon disentombed for some mighty advent—a cry of horror ascending to heaven in behalf of the down-trodden slave. That the whole "nigger kingdom" of the South had been killed, smothered, torn to pieces by bloodhounds, ground up for bone manure; children dragged from mothers' breasts, and whole plantations turned into slaughter-houses, we fully expected; and yet *nobody had read it.* We had seen some bright pictures in the secret life of the institution; yet we were moved with anxiety for the book, and sent to the north for a copy.

After a few days, a gentleman of the legal profession, whose literary discrimination upon the true merits of a book stands second to none in that city, brought us a copy that a friend had lent him. "Have you read it?" said we. "Yes." "Then what is your opinion of it?"

He answered us to the effect, that it was different from what he anticipated; written with ease and natural simplicity; defective in style; rather of the Emerson school, with some of its scenes

rather highly coloured, probably for dramatic effect. "But read it, and let us have your opinion," said he.

We read it carefully, and as we continued from chapter to chapter, became more and more interested in it, for its naturalness, correct portraiture of characters, inimitable dialogue, the freshness and life of its scenes, and the display of knowledge, and grasp of comprehension peculiar to that species of Southern life, upon which the writer had founded her book. Forcibly struck with its redundant delineation, we said to ourself, "Here is a book displaying remarkable genius. Is it from the pen of a lady *novelist*, who seeks to please and dazzle the imagination? Hardly. Her power has gone beyond that, showing an earnestness in a distinct cause, at variance with a *novelist's* efforts. She has embodied the sentiments of life with a depth of research that will not fall dead on the echo—a picture of life as it is, that will go beyond a flying sketch for the parlour pleasures of the common reader. She has enlisted the intelligent and practical; and while they stand developed in reality, those who would blunder through a common sentence to quibble at her small defects,

claiming it as the beauty of their criticism, may yet learn the power of truth from her lessons. There is even a beauty beyond this; for in grouping her adjuncts together, she has clothed them with a pious sentiment, which even the sceptic must admire. To give divine truth its force upon the susceptible mind, a writer cannot find a more direct route than by contrasting the depravity of vice with the beauties of Christian love; to do this, it becomes necessary to picture the coarse ruffian in his natural garb."

We reviewed and compared its scenes and events —parallel ones flashed into our mind at once, and we recurred to them one by one, as we followed her in the thread of her narrative. "Uncle Tom" upon Legree's plantation seemed the worst feature. Here Mr. Simms dwells at length, endeavouring to establish the impossibility of such an occurrence. In order to correct his mistake we will point him to counterparts, in his own immediate neighbourhood. We have seen many noble, generous, and affectionate traits in the negro character, evincing a hospitality and Christian forbearance worthy of higher consideration than that we had seen manifested by the chivalry. We looked about for a

Legree, within the boundaries of South Carolina—Uncle Toms being numerous—so that we could trace his deeds to the judicial records, where the proof would be undeniable. There was no occasion to go into "Georgia," "Virginia" or "Tennessee;" we found one of the same name close at hand, upon *James Island, S. C.*—and from thence we traced them in a circuit around the judicial circuit of the State. These cases are established beyond mere topics of common conversation, and it is to them we propose to point Mr. Simms for the correction of his logical errors.

Again we recurred to the book, considering its spirit and intention, and the motive of the writer. But for the life of us, could not come to such a conclusion as that of Mr. Simms. That it was selfish, and intended to falsify the whole South, "foment heart-burnings and unappeasable hatred between brethren of a common country, the joint-heirs of that country's glory—to sow, in this blooming garden of freedom," &c. &c.* * * *

We viewed it in a different light, found her reflections replete with good feeling for the Southerner, and pointing with unmistakable aim to autocratic customs and laws, external grievances,

internal dangers, and doctrines strictly at variance with true Republicanism. No man can reason upon the laws of nature, and say that deep grievances cannot exist in an institution based upon the principle of one man being the property-holder of another. Admitting the property-holder be high-born, the unnatural power disposes his feelings in the aggregate, opens a confused system of society, spreads tyrannical vanity, strengthens the passions, and destroys the natural affections. It gives him the pleasure of his will, surrounds him with circumstances that no law can govern, making him the absolute monster of his own domicile. In this state of things there must naturally be gross wrongs, and if the local powers overlook them it becomes those who are enlisted in the good of a common cause to point them out. This is the intention of Mrs. Stowe's book; and the object, aiming to correct, claims its rights—notwithstanding Mr. Simms' dictum to the contrary. And instead of being an "agreeable Cicerone," she has breathed a soul of fervor into her cause, showing an interest, deep and fervent, in humanity's good, and entitling her to the name of a good labourer in the field.

Mr. Simms has branded her as "a woman" with an avaricious object only. Chivalry displays its weak points in such a charge, and establishes a province of misgiving. Had it come from a low-bred man, destitute of education, an excuse might have been tolerated, but we cannot honour Mr. Simms with the same plea. That feeling and liberality which should characterise fellow-workers of the same art, had Mr. Simms shown, would have redounded to his credit, and governed him in that common respect due to the genius of a brilliant writer—much less a lady. Had he lived in an atmosphere where moral character and the genius of literature was properly appreciated, or where his own genius was respected, he would not voluntarily cast himself into a gulf of errors, reproaching when praise was deserved. His feelings would have been saved from the world's review, and himself placed in a different position to that of hand-fellow in a beaureaucratic wrong. He would have known more of Mrs. Stowe's position; compared the higher classes of society at the North with that hyper-aristocratical society of his own State—remembering the text-book of etiquette before accusing a lady in the highest *moral* walks of life, with "blasphemous" intentions.

In again recurring to the book and its appendix; "has she doffed her modest robes and been with us; done as we have done; sat beside the slave-dealer—travelled with him on steamboats and railroads—met him on the highway with his gang chained in iron-fellowship—listened to his self-appraised humanity rebutted by acts of *unconscious* brutality—heard him disclose, with sang-froid shrewdness, the revolting system of his traffic, and awaiting the result, guiding his feeling into the excitement of his history? Has she stood with us, studying their native dialect with delight, while they were enjoying the ecstacy of a happy moment,—watched the dwindling fortunes of the noble-hearted Southerner, and detesting the brute avarice of his grasping *broker?*" She has given us all these things with perfection, tracing the obligations of the one, and filling the fortunes of the other with a truth that no honest Southerner can deny. And she has ferreted out abuses—shown the intricate workings of the institution, and the mockery of laws made to govern it, with unexceptionable correctness. Had she watched the work-house system of Charleston, and suffered in its prison, or gone into its poor-house, and seen the rough ends of human nature in their worst wretchedness, she

could not have delineated them with more truthfulness.

That this species of mendacity stalks abroad unrestrained in the "queen city" of the sunny South, none will deny. And with a knowledge of them, we gave our opinion of the book then, as freely and fully as we would now, in Boston or New York. We pointed our friend to instances well known to himself, many of which had furnished subjects for better comments; the evidence was satisfactory, because it was *at home*, and could not be denied in the face of *domestic* knowledge. Here exists a great wrong on the part of Southerners, known as good masters. They tell you they know their interests are promoted by the proper treatment of their slaves, acknowledge the existence of these grievances, comment upon them, and regret the master's mendacity—and while neglecting to correct them, treasure an inveterate hatred against the voice that dare speak from abroad.

After a few days, we received a copy from the North, accompanied by a note, requesting our opinion of its merits, which we gave in a letter dated "Charleston, S. C., July 26, 1852." The following paragraphs refer to the book:

"I have read it with an attentive interest. 'What is your opinion of it?' you ask. Knowing my opinions on the subject of slavery, and the embodiment of those principles which I have so long supported, in favour of that peculiar institution, you may have prepared your mind for an indirect answer. This my consciousness of its truth would not allow in the present instance. The book is a truthful picture of such a life, with the dark outlines strongly portrayed; the life, characteristics, grotesque incidents—and the dialogue is life itself reduced to paper by an uncommon hand."* * * * *

"In her appendix she evades the question—whether it is founded upon actual scenes or the fiction of imagination—but says there are many counterparts, &c. &c. In this she is correct beyond a doubt. Had she changed the picture of Legree on Red river for that of Thomas L——e on James Island, South Carolina, she could not have drawn a more admirable portrait. I am led to question whether she had not some knowledge of this * * * * *, as he is known to be, and made the transposition for effect." * * *

"My position, in connection with an *extreme*

party, would constitute a restraint to the full expression of my feelings against many bad effects of the institution. I have studied slavery in all its different phases—more than many have supposed, been thrown in contact with the negro in different parts of the world, and made it my aim to study his nature, as far as my limited abilities would give me light; and whatever my opinions may have been they were based upon honest conviction."

"An institution which now holds the great and most momentous question of our federal well-being, should be approached with great care. Southerners should seek out their own interests, ask themselves what they are, who are affecting them—and if bad laws do not make *bad* power? They should inquire if they were safe under such power, let right and justice govern, and act to restrain the 'bad master' who renders their defence unsafe. They see bad men coming among them, and abusing the rights which the law gives them; and they witness the disgrace of a local traffic, unblushing in its publicity, and more than foreign, because it is supported by a higher order of civilized life. And they look

upon Northerners as foes, yet never seek the best protection against 'the enemy.' The Carolinian seems to care little for these things; he views the things around him as natural transcendents, enjoys his pleasurable coldness—making force right, military importance justice, lovingly and thoughtfully resting the spell of his fortunes upon the halo of glorious uncertainty. Many bless God for their good fortune in "niggers," thank him for making them pious Christians, and beseech him for good returns of the staple." * * *

"He has grown up in a mental right to his own exclusive position, looking upon everything that is bemeaning to the slave as just and proper. He is excusable to a certain degree, in this sense; for that which he has been taught from his childhood has become habitual in his nature, founding his principles of right. With regard to the law, we have only to watch its effects upon the object to show the result, which is despairing in the worst degree. At best it is difficult to carry out the intention of a law against the unyielding force of popular sentiment; and here, in South Carolina, there is as much consistency in carrying into effect laws made to protect the slave, as there is in

the comic-mockery of a farce-player. It is one thing if I beat your slave, and quite another if I beat my own. Thus we find the curse of slavery in the unlimited power of the master, constituted in him by the blank letter of the law, which mocks the bondman's rights. What legislative act, based upon the construction of self-protection for the very men who contemplate that act, though their policy be to show amelioration, can be enforced when the object of legislation is held as the bond property of the legislator? We have seen this interesting and very harmless mimicry judicially illustrated; not so forcibly in Georgia, for there the slave is better cared for—but in South Carolina." * * * *

"Instituting a law for the amelioration of property would seem an absurdity to many, but we must not allow ourselves to construe it in a figurative sense, dealing with the practical as it deserves, and judging the issue. What we have witnessed in this sense, makes us cast it to the winds, as unworthy the people who point you to it, as they would to the beautiful folds of a rich flower."

"In the force of law the slave has no rights. It distrains him as the governed, holding him in an

abject, menial, unpopular position—without caste, and without access to justice. The power of the minority fears the knowledge of the majority, and flatters with the tongue, while it seeks to crush the mental being of the slave. We speak of the institution separate from any natural law, as it is founded upon property right. Laws are strange things in South Carolina; very ancient, much honoured in the breach—seemingly made for the particular advantages of an immense school of professional *point*-makers. Every tenacious prejudice is set forth to protect a certain interest; and while justice quails under the strength of truth, an under-current is working to consolidate power against a substantive which it makes the weaker vessel. The slave works at virtuous toil, while the master grasps for power to keep him there, turning his back upon justice, and making tyranny his protector." * * * *

"Philanthropy dare not raise its voice at home, because it is unpopular, and repugnant to the *refined* ear. Nor can the voice of the governed be heard, for nine-tenths of the suffering is felt beyond the centered domain of the judiciary—allowing that the judiciary would regard them.

The negro knows this, feels his dependence, labours with strength of body against the pangs of instinctive injustice, yet dreads to make an appeal for fear of something more cruel. * * Do not infer from my remarks that I am seeking consolation for the abolitionists—such is not my intention. Southerners want more workers in *black humanity*, and more of something else to give an honest tone to their loud and long-sounding strains of liberty. Cuban emancipation and *filibustering* should begin at home, and those who *deny their part* in the counterplot, should not *act ordnance master to the foray*."

"In this State, he is an extra good master who gives bacon to his slaves, measuring his ration at a peck of corn per week. Humanity calls for something to correct this, and with it to enforce his proper raiment, upon the same principle that it is enforced in Alabama. It is the good master's interest, and he should look to it. Mrs. Stowe has pointed to it directly."

"Strangers may live years in the South, pass from town to town, in the every-day pursuits—make casual observations, and yet see but the 'polished side' of slavery. It has been different

with me—cast where I saw its miseries tested by the most stringent rule of law, and witnessing the coarse mendacity of the slave-trader and 'merchant'—the sorrows of the enslaved—its effects upon the social and agricultural well-being of the country, I have come to a clearly defined conclusion—it is wrong! wasting the energies of one, and the life of the other. With these feelings I am constrained to do justice to Mrs. Stowe's book, which I consider must have been written by one thoroughly acquainted with the subject. The character of Haley, the bankrupt master in Kentucky, the New Orleans merchant, and the subject of her principal scenes, are every-day occurrences in this State, and I would almost say, our city. Editors may denounce it as false, and for its *dramatic* effects as much as they please—the tale is true! and the *occurrences* which have taken place in this State form a picture even more glaring." * * * *

This is from the letter we wrote at that time, before the whirlwind of excitement was created about this book, or Southern *poets* and *novelists* had taken up their pens to denounce it.

Now, Mr. Simms, what does this book teach?

Is it intended as an incendiary missile, or a messenger to teach you the good of your own people?

It teaches that there are natural defects in all societies; extant grievances, wrongs, and suffering produced by the different shades of material nature; but that the moral chords may be strengthened and elevated by proper government. That when law and government make distinct classifications in the social being, giving to one distinct class power to sink another into insignificance, these grievances, according to natural laws, become greater, and deeper settled in the body politic of a State or Nation. The only question, then, is the effect—which the politician may show by comparative results. The author has pointed out the evils with a power and truthfulness that cannot be mistaken; and she has left the work for those whose province it is to trace it further.

There are defects in the book—if defects we may call them; but they are all in favour of the good master and generous Southerner. The moral diseases—the indulgences—the liberties and freedom of conversation with a good master —their tricks played with Haley, and the faithful Tom and his fortitude—old aunty in her cabin

—the mischievous quaintness of Sam, are all in favour of the Southerner! The others point out to him where the evils exist, leaving it to his own judgment to say whether it is not right, and for his own interests, to correct them.

When wars, migrations, and foreign conquests are going on in a distant country, we feel for the oppressed, cheer them in the good cause, and leap beyond the power of our government, that we may be coadjutors in building the mighty edifice of sovereign democracy. There is cause for this! It is our natural love of liberty! We lend a helping hand to the nation that rises up from barbarism to seek civilization and usefulness; and we applaud the genius that leads it onward. When Dickens dips his pen into the cess-pool of vice, and pictures the dark miseries of life in the metropolis of his own England, we are in ecstacies at his *wonderful* delineation—applaud his mighty genius—devour his books as if they were angels' gifts to warm our precious hearts—and welcome him to our country with a folly that made him call us popular fools.

Dickens has one line and Mrs. Stowe another —but Dickens, though we admit him a wonderful

delineator, never pictured life so natural to character as Mrs. Stowe has done. This Mr. Simms can find out, if he does not already know, without going many miles from his *Woodland Cottage*. Why has she called forth these Southern denunciations and epithets? Has she merited them, instead of the same acclamations of praise that her countrymen have bestowed upon foreign writers of less merit? Are we to question her motive and position as a lady, because she has given us the beauty of her genius upon unpopular themes? The calm view of the Western world will say not!

It is because this "*Yankee Woman's*" little book has disembodied truths that are sectionally uncomfortable, and nowhere more so than in South Carolina. Her historians, poets, and *play* writers may attempt to repel them; but their attempts will fall harmless at their feet.

Now, Mr. Simms, we will take your review: you must go with us into the garden of your own labours—touch not the flowers that adorn the arbour—come within, and let us turn over, and pull up the rank weeds that grow in the centre. You open by saying, "Macaulay, in his opening

paragraph of his essay on the life of Addison, discusses the question, whether lady authors should or should not be dealt with according to strict critical justice. The gallant reviewer gives as his opinion, that while lady writers should not be permitted to teach 'inaccurate history or unsound philosophy' with impunity, it were well that critics should so far recognize the immunities of the sex as to blunt the edge of their severity."

Had Mr. Simms so far recognized this text as to follow its example, he would have given a national tone to his review, worthy of himself, and free from that virulence which marks its seclusive mania. He could very easily have gone a few paragraphs farther, and given his readers a sentence from that learned reviewer, differently constructed, and fully establishing Mrs. Stowe's rights upon the subject-matter of her book. The plain reasoning of Macaulay established conclusions too clear for Mr. Simms' liberality; and failing to throw a shadow of misconstruction over them, he has gratified his feelings with the following:

"But we beg to make a distinction between *lady* writers and *female* writers." The italics are *Mr.* Simms'. "We could not find it in our heart

to visit the dullness or ignorance of a well-meaning lady with the vigorous discipline which it is necessary to inflict upon male dunces and blockheads. But when a writer of the softer sex manifests, in her productions, a shameless disregard of truth, and of those amenities which so peculiarly belong to her sphere of life, we hold that she has forfeited the claim to be considered a lady, and with that claim all exemption from the utmost stringency of critical punishment."

He has been pleased to class Mrs. Stowe with the "Thalestris of Billingsgate," hurling coarse speech, coarse oaths, and unwomanly blows at whomsoever she chooses to assail. This, however, is modestly, and very harmlessly, blended with a suspending clause in the next chapter. We could forgive a less experienced writer, or the aspirant seeking the congenial conquest of his own mind; but in the exercise of such language, *Mr. Simms* has openly violated the object of a reviewer, by prefacing it with the clearly conceivable purpose of his feelings. We shall not draw upon learned authorities abroad, but confine ourselves to those of South Carolina—proofs of social result, standing on the undeniable judicial records.

But we will leave this language of a French washerwoman, and apologize for Mr. Simms through our knowledge of the texture of excited chivalry, leaving our readers to draw their conclusions of Mrs. Stowe as an author, and W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., as a reviewer.

"She is not a Joan of Arc; she is not a fish-woman.* She is something less noble than the Gallic heroine; she is certainly a much more refined person than the virago of the Thames."

This is couched in a Don Cæsar-*ish* style. This is the rectified conversion of a poet's mind in a happy state.

Let us proceed. We shall come to the material points in their order, and beg the reader to follow us.

In speaking of her dramatic talent, and the manner in which she might have employed it to a legitimate purpose, he says:

"But she has chosen to employ her pen for purposes of a less worthy nature. She has volunteered officiously to intermeddle with things which concern her not—to libel and villify a people from among whom have gone forth some of the noblest men

* *Anglice*, "fish-fags."

that have adorned the race—to foment heart-burnings and unpleasant hatred between brethren of a common country, the joint heirs of that country's glory."

This is a common question for a common country to decide. When that fascination of state policy, which denies humanity its rights, shall have died away, and established principles justly acknowledged, Mr. Simms will see his error. That the book invites itself to the attention of the general readers of his own State, is proof sufficient. If Mrs. Stowe had incited her countrywomen to war upon South Carolina, for some outrage committed against a foreign nation—for instance, filibustering—then the plea of intermeddling might have had plausibility. This she has not done; and the subject being one affecting the common interests, national character, and general humanity of her common country, hence her right. The difference which Mr. Simms makes upon usage or custom, between the petticoat citizen and the poet citizen, are matters which we cannot enter into, and will leave for the tenacious depths of his own mind.

Had he viewed the book with that depth of

thought and polish of mind which he possesses in his calmer mood, he would have discovered the spirit of its intention—drawn from subjects of common conversation and observation—truths to compare with it, and saved himself from a gross charge against his own knowledge. He would have reviewed upon principle; acknowledged that the book contained subjects for examination, affecting the political interests of the State, person and property, and moral safety, all inviting their cool consideration.

Mr. Simms again follows with a suspending clause. He says: "But whatever her designs may have been, it is very certain that she has shockingly traduced the slave-holding society of the United States, and we desire to be understood as acting entirely on the defensive, when we proceed to expose the miserable misrepresentations of her story. * * *

"And in the very torrent of our wrath, (while declining to 'carry the war into Africa,') to acquire and beget a temperance which may give it smoothness."

We must answer this by first asking some questions. Did you ever, like John Howard, watch the

secret character of your police—go into the miserable dens, in and around your city, where poverty and decaying wretchedness sits imploring on the door-sill? Have you darkened the iron portals of your "time-honored jail," to relieve the distressed and persecuted, or the descendants of those whose name you have emblazoned in history—inquired its regime, and asked the hungry mortals *who* starved them at the expense of the State? Scenes for your book-making are there—go and search them out—compare them with Mrs. Stowe's book, and acknowledge its truths. Have you entered that externally-beautiful, semi-gothic edifice, with its watch-towers and parapets, like a European castle, looming above the humble dwellings around it—and marked by the singular cognomen of Hutchinson's folly? Or have you, like many others, satisfied yourself with the dazzling skill of the artizan, worked around its spacious portals? You would have found it a *grand* municipal slave pen, with beauty without and misery within, and learned from its keeper facts pictured in Mrs. Stowe's book.

Had you turned the corner of your great banking institutions, and gone into State street, you

would have seen the link of money and misery. The slave-trader's fortunes are there, and the importance of his traffic held forth in unblushing boldness. His mode is no common thing, and he will point you to the samples that surround his door at noon-day, offering you fine bargains in *imps* and *aged*—tell you how shrewd he was in getting them through a mortgage—what he means to do with the mother—fat the "old feller," make him "prime No. 1," and ship him—how much "*clare*" he'll make on "that gal"—who wants t'other for a mistress, what likely proportions she's got—how the boys will make "tip-top field hands"—what titles he can give, bonds if required, and how he will arrange the separation without the least trouble. This is a great thoroughfare, and great things are transacted in it, "as well in money as niggers." Some of these establishments have pens in front, and high fences mounted with cutting glass and dangerous spikes, to challenge egress; others have brilliant fronts, with fine cushioned chairs, and walnut polished desks, to close a view of their pen in the rear. But let us pass these, and go to that rookery of sorrow at the corner of State and Chalmers' street—we

mean that of Norman Gadsden; it is more in keeping with the misery of his trade, and if he does deny his identity when abroad, he takes pleasure in disclosing his strict rule of business when at home. He will show us his pigeon-holes for human purposes—disclose the history of his fortunes—tell us how he made his million; and from it you can draw a picture, in contrast with which Mrs. Stowe's is but a shadow. There is no trouble in doing these things, so long as you are in the confidence.

Have you gone into the "by-ways," to learn the sanctioned licentiousness that slavery has entailed upon the lower classes of your society? You would then find intermixtures most unnatural, and custom granting it no harm; inconsistent in the breach, and very unlawful in the abstract; granting harmony and fellowship to constituent parts of society, and rejecting divine interposition; virtually granting a caveat to licentiousness, repudiating moral issue, and condemning the prerogative right of the divine will.

In conclusion, let us ask Mr. Simms if he has not travelled on steamboats, railroads, and post-roads, when the travelling trader was making up

his gang, enumerating his number of "*head*," their different qualities, the different portions of "prime fellows," the "worked-down ones," the work in them, the feed necessary to improve their condition before he got to market, and witnessed the very embodiment of Mrs. Stowe's book?

If he say not, we can only say it seems strange that they were brought to our notice as every-day occurrences the first season we spent in Charleston. We should not pretend to class our power of observation with his; and yet he tells us he has never seen them, with as much complacency as if he were born to overlook them. There is something in this beyond our comprehension. If he has chosen to act the statesman's part, and sit in the comforts of his "Woodland home" discussing those all-absorbing questions of secession, suppers, and "belly-theologies," instead of tracing out the potent evils and secret life of his own district, to fill his pages with depth of character, he can hardly claim to be excused. His neglect has given Mrs. Stowe a right to enter the field, and he must not blaspheme against her labours, for they have only disentombed the things which he should have given us in his "*Wigwam and Cabin.*" If he had been

up and doing the freshness of nature instead of the obscenity of character would have decorated his "Wigwam" and his "Golden Christmas," something beyond the shadow of a golden dream, saving his invention, and doing credit to his originality.

We trust Mr. Simms will not charge us with officiousness, when we point him to domestic counterparts of Mrs. Stowe's book, which, having transpired near his own home, he cannot mistake them. In doing this we shall select a few principal ones, and touch them as lightly as possible, first noticing how negroes are brought into trouble.

The police system, based upon espionage, gives its officers power to exert their ingenuity in the tricks of office to extort fees; it is brought to bear upon the poor white as well as the black, though with more stringency upon the latter. None will deny this, because it is carried out against party comment. This is carried out by the power of an elective franchise conducted upon the worst relics of an English system, and swayed by money-power. The secret workings and traps to get negroes into trouble for the purpose of extorting a fee, has been carried on with shameless

disregard for many years, and it only requires a little attention on the part of Mr. Simms to become acquainted with its history—common conversation in Charleston will disclose it. If he requires more particular evidence, we will point him to G. W. Reynold's speech at Hibernian Hall, and a writer in the "Charleston Courier," signing himself a "responsible citizen, September —, 1852." We will cite two or three passages from the writer's article, which display a keen knowledge of the glaring practices. Speaking of the men who abuse slaves, and the demoralizing traffic of liquor sellers, &c. &c., he says: "At no period has its influence upon our slave population been more palpable or more dangerous. At no period has the municipal administration been so wilfully blind to these corrupt practices, or so lenient and forgiving when such practices are exposed. The class to which we refer, are unswerving supporters of God. * * *"

Considering the excitable character of society, these exceptions of independence speak volumes. We give them because Mr. Simms has dwelt at length upon a particular force of law, which we contend has little to do with justice in South

Carolina. They are themes which Mrs. Stowe has entirely overlooked, which despoil the negro, and bring him to a worse state of suffering than she has depicted. The negro is corrupted by rum-sellers, made a "bad nigger," neglecting the commands of his master, who in turn inflicts the severest punishment, while the law, instead of being enforced, remains an accommodating medium for the malefactor. No dealer can sell liquor to a negro unless he have an order from a *white* man, without violating the law; but to continue his avaricious purpose he makes it a matter of dollars and cents with the police-man, who has an ultimate object—gets pay for arresting and punishing the negro, and reaps a double interest. Common sense can trace this to a defective system, which is destroying the social condition of the lower classes. Again the writer says, "We have at this moment in our possession a certificate from a citizen, sworn to before *Mr. Giles*, the magistrate, declaring that he, the deponent, heard one of the city police officers (S———) make a demand for money upon one of these shop-keepers, and promised that if he would pay him five dollars at stated intervals '*none* of the police officers would trouble him.'"

Mrs. Stowe has only aimed *here*, in passages where she attempts to show the standard of morality.

We have seen fifty cases. For Mr. Simms' benefit, *see* Oland *vs.* State of South Carolina, who paid police officers one hundred and forty dollars in the space of six months for allowing him to violate the statutes; and because he refused to pay an exorbitant sum to *continue* was accommodated with a short residence in jail, to mock at justice. Again, we have seen an officer take two dollars from a negro to spare him from the handcuffs, while he was committing him to jail, and reported it to a judicial magistrate. We have heard a guardman, after *bell-ring*, call a negro from the limits of his master's gate, on a pretext of showing him something—arrest him, and extort a dollar from him, then pass into a *rum* shop and drink with his comrade. Could anything be more despicable? and yet the negro's testimony is black, consequently invalid, and he must be dragged to the guard-house, and *paddled* at the work-house in the morning, unless his master appears for him and puts down the fee. This reverts to another difficulty between the slave and his master; for in nine

cases out of ten the Master will credit the statement of the guardman in preference to the slave's explanation of circumstances.

Let us give a ridiculous instance—a wealthy, but not very temperate gentleman, had become *jollily fuddled*, and strayed from his domestic affections on a rainy night. His better half became alarmed and despatched *Jake*, (pass in hand,) who found his lord and master in very comfortable quarters, about twelve o'clock at night. After considerable persuasion, he agreed to leave the denizens and accompany *Jake* to his happy home. They had not gone far before it was evident *Jake* had a task in hand, for his lord could neither keep an upright, get his sea-legs, nor navigate the uprising breakers of the side-walk. In a word, he was respectably "*done gone.*" Jake had played tricks on "Massa fo'h, an know'd 'is natur like a book;" but he was faithful in an emergency, and at length shouldered Massa. It rained "like guns," and Massa was big and heavy. After carrying him to the corner of King and Market streets, he was "*out-did*," and compelled to drop him on the side-walk. Here he remained for some minutes watching the toddied cares of his master. The

guardman in his round, found Jake attempting another tug at "*done gone Massa*," and instead of assisting to got Massa home, demanded his pass.

Jake had lost his pass, and his story, being black, was useless, even with the strength of circumstances, and he was dragged off to the lock-up. The guardman returned to the storm-stayed Master, and recognising him as a scion of wealth, took him home. And while Massa was taking long comfort in the morning, Jake was getting his paddles at the workhouse. The trounsing did not stop here, for the guardman, who *notified* in the morning, reported adverse to Jake's fidelity, stating that he was picked up some distance from home in a state of inebriation himself. The statement was white, consequently valid and sufficient; and to punish such mischievous tricks, Massa just gave Jake a "couple a dozen" real stingers with the *family* cow-hide.

The artifices resorted to are innumerable, distorting his feelings, and violating his rights. This arises from the construction and bad administration of laws which reduce the negro to an abject condition, where he must bear the burden of all

their defects. Mrs. Stowe has shown this with vivid effect, and pointed it out on a grand scale.

These are truths in full flower in Mr. Simms' own "blooming garden of freedom," untouched by himself, but cultivated by Mrs. Stowe.

As we continue we shall show that this great foundation of law, upon which Mr. Simms has built his "Southern view," is unsound; and that there is a wide difference between the statute existence of law and the administration of justice. We shall show him that a poor man's justice is a poor affair in South Carolina—that purse, power, and *point* of position have much to do in withholding the ends of justice—that those antiquated relics of England's younger days are ill-adapted to the progress of civilization, complex, uncertain, burdening justice, and oppressing the poor. That they shield unmanliness, make the *privileged* citizen a positive and the other a negative being, giving one man power to exercise his vindictive feelings upon another. This done, we shall leave the reader to judge what the position of the negro, who is held as property in the estimation of law and custom, must be; and what he has to expect from Mr. Simms' sovereign law.

In answer to his remarks on the miserable condition of the poor in Northern cities, we will refer him to a few incidents, forming parts of what came under our observation in his own city; and if he had gone with us into those miserable shelters we have spoken of, he would have found many such.

1st. A young man from the North, failing to procure work, and out of money, was driven from house to house without friends; he became sick, and would have died in the street, but for the timely sympathy of a poor negro woman, who gave him a shelter under her roof—nursed him, and shared her coarse meal with him, and when he recovered, her husband procured him a passage to his native State. He found neither hospitality nor friendship among those who make it their loudest boast. But true kindness awaited him under that humble shelter, and a friend that, as a last token, bore his trunk to the vessel upon his head, and bid him a friendly adieu, asking no other recompense than that which Heaven can give. That young man now holds a respectable position at the North, and has rewarded the kindness of his "*nigger*" friends.

2d. A poor artist, with a wife and two small children, living in a desolate room, reduced by sickness and want of employment to the worst stage of suffering necessity—his wife appealing at aristocratic doors for charity, and turned away with a cold repulse—going to a prison and begging a loaf of bread for her suffering children; and at length driven to crime. And while in this miserable condition, an officer entered with a "distress warrant;" and to make the group more pitiable, dragged off their bed and a few chairs. This is not law, but a species of tolerated injustice, practised every day by the very servitors of the law. For evidence of this, we can refer him to the generous magistrate who saved their effects from "a constable's sale in the market"—not to satisfy a rich landlord, but to eke out a fee. But it is not ended here. To crown the *point* of hospitality, when he recovered, and appealed to the commissioners of the poor—not for admittance into the poor-house, for that is considered a hospitality worthy of lengthy consideration—but for immediate relief. And after waiting nearly ten days, passing through resolves and re-resolves, he was granted a few dollars, with a provision that it be toward his passage-

money to carry him beyond the limits of the State, which it was stipulated he should *leave at once.*

We have gone into his own happy State—*his "blooming garden of freedom"*—to point him to things that he has neglected; while saying that they could not exist there, he has pointed us to the North for objects of misery. We witnessed a worse state of wretchedness among the poor whites in Charleston, than could exist at the North—things discreditable to an opulent public, and which Mr. Simms has merited censure for overlooking.

3d. A man whose name is familiar to Mr. Simms, and who once enjoyed an affluent style of living—dying a besotted death in a filthy chamber in King street, without a friend to raise a hand for him; and two strangers taking from their meagre pockets to minister to his last suffering. Look to these things, Mr. Simms: there is more distress in your voluptuous city than you are aware of. Trace it to its cause, and institute a remedy; it should not be tolerated in a small population like yours.

4th. With reference to another question, if Mr. Simms had gone to the jail, he would have found truths occupying a large space in Mrs. Stowe's

book. He would have found that establishment used for various purposes not consonant with the law. He would have seen suffering and oppression in all its various shades; the petty tyranny of magistrates, abuse of power, and violation of justice in its worst form. He would have found it turned into a house of peculation for the interests of a modern Shylock, who speculates upon the hunger of human being. How is this?

The act of the Georgia legislature provides forty-four cents a day for the maintenance of prisoners in jail awaiting trial, &c. &c., with a stipend regulating the food in her penitentiary. This, so far as our observation has gone, is carried out in accordance with the act, and the jail in Savannah being a municipal institution, is regulated by the city authorities. In South Carolina it is different, the legislature providing only thirty cents a day, with a stipend in regard to the quality of bread and beef. This if for the white man, eighteen cents being allowed for the negro, who receives his amount in hominy. Thus the difference between a black appetite and a hungry white man. Even this small allowance, were it carried out in accordance with the law,

might appease the demands of hunger; but this is not the case. Charleston being blessed with two sheriffs, the city and county sheriff, there exists an uncertain question of right to the spoils, very similar to that which her people hold upon State sovereignty and federal power. But the institution belonging to the State—and having *no* "*penitentiaries*"—is held by the county sheriff as in times of old, and he constituted lord warden over the whole. Thus it stands, a monument of peculation for those whom the law has empowered—and custom has sanctioned it as a right. An incurious public look upon those who get into such places as beyond the pale of notice; the spoils belong to the empowered, and in the absence of jail committee, *Attorney General,* or a conservative regulator, reaps his thousands from the spoliation of food. England established this system, and South Carolina continues it.

Here, Mr. Simms, are scenes for your labours; enter among them, and correct your "Southern View" of Mrs. Stowe's book.

The voice of South Carolina calls loudly against the injustice of *her* son being imprisoned in Batavia, and waiting five months for a trial;

how is it at home? In her jails are men who, *committed without a hearing*, have lain there five, six, and seven months awaiting a trial—suffering for bread, destitute, crying hunger; laying down upon a coarse blanket (the State's own) in the afternoon, and dreaming of food and its enjoyments, to wake to the disappointment of a dream—to know that they would receive a bit of bread only, at eight o'clock the next morning. O, proud State! These very men are incarcerated without a hearing, and confined in the fourth story, in badly ventilated cells—suffering the sweltering influences of an unhealthy climate, and waiting five, six, seven, and eight months to be discharged by the grand jury, or get a hearing before the sessions, the city court seeming to have little jurisdiction over those who fall into the hands of the county sheriff. Circumstances of right or wrong should always claim the attention of a hospitable people for the incarcerated, and hear his cause. This is punishing the innocent according to usage, and upon the same principle that Mr. Simms would find no poetry in the negro's cause, and would not listen to the story of his wrongs, because some rich man said he was a bad nigger.

In that institution we will find the noble-hearted jailer, who gets but a paltry pittance for his labour, acting the part of a father, a physician, a penitentiary-keeper, and a jailer. You will find him, while struggling to raise his family in the same sphere of morality that has marked him through life, taking the bread from his own table to relieve the suffering of those around him. Ask him for a history—he will point you to the scenes which are disclosed to the letter in Mrs. Stowe's book. He can give you his experience in punishments as a mere matter of business. Turn to the records of the jail, and you will find fifty-four coloured seamen imprisoned in one year, on that singular charge—"*contrary to law.*" Ask who gets the immense fees that accrue from it; and if it is right because of the influence without. Why put them with "*bad* niggers" within? The tenacity holding these things as rights, may be reasoned down to a *small point.*

Ask the jailer what his moral character has done for him, in the light of contrast with those who lord a control over him, and then establish your philosophy of "moral sentiment."

The power of magistracy is a petty sovereignty

in Charleston. One man having a difficulty with another, gets a warrant from a magistrate, and without regard to the offending party, he is incarcerated without a hearing, notwithstanding the face of the warrant contains the usual clause—"*bring the body before me.*" There is a fee-secret in this which Mr. Simms has never troubled his head to solve. In this position the incarcerated has the alternative of giving bail if he has friends, or settling according to the stipulation of the party incarcerating. Thus one man has power to vent his feelings upon another, and the justice, being a participant, settles the affair upon certain conditions, and charges the "*fees to the State.*" The same justice will bring a "cross-warrant," and both parties being incarcerated, they can amuse their antagonistical feelings upon an agreed point *honourable* to both, pay the justice, be friends again, and *come out*—"*fees charged to the State.*"

We could enumerate to any extent, *citing* cases that came under our observation. This is not law—it is tolerated injustice, protected by a wanton inattention. *See records;* and refer to Colonel R. W. S——, a gentleman of high standing at the Charleston bar—the only person who has

shouldered the Attorney G——l's business, and become interested in the removal of such grievances, and has made himself *publicly* unpopular by so doing.

5th. In the case of Hewett V——, is a valuable instance of a poor man's justice in South Carolina. Hewett, formerly steward on board the steamship "David Brown," is committed upon the charge of defrauding "*Johnson*" to the amount of "*three ten cent pieces.*" The object is clearly malicious, yet he is denied a hearing, and compelled to lay in jail nearly four months, without money or friends. Finally, as a matter of compromise, he is offered the alternative of *leaving the State*, or waiting three months longer for a hearing before the Sessions. How is he to leave it? he has no money, and the order requires two officers to guard him to the ship or steamboat, and see him safe out of sight—for which they demand a dollar each. In this instance, the man became the drudge of the jail, at a dollar a week, and with the assistance of the good-hearted *jailer*, procured the means to pay his passage to Wilmington. *See records.*

In another case, a gentleman is dragged from

his room at the A——n Hotel, where he had put up while passing through Charleston to his home in New Orleans. This was for a rebuke given to a person attached to the house. A meddling-justice was present at the moment, issued a warrant, and notwithstanding the gentleman's strong appeal for a hearing, or time to get bail, was marched off to jail instanter. His lady, with true womanly energy, enlisted the interposition of some *popular gentlemen*, who took up the matter, and finding he was a person of position procured his release as quietly as possible. In the presence of several persons, of which we were one, he appealed to the magistrate, inquiring if such was law and justice in South Carolina; and after several attempts to evade a direct answer, he rejoined by saying it was a right *justices* in South Carolina had. This case cannot be mistaken—and is only one among the many. Turn your pen upon it Mr. Simms—rout a tyranny that sets law and justice at defiance, before you bring up the strength of law to condemn Mrs. Stowe's book.

6th. A gentleman of the legal profession—*but* from the North, is insulted in the street by a *true* Carolinian; the guard interposes, and coming un-

der that department the matter is brought before the Mayor. His Honour, viewing it as a small matter, very properly dismissed it, without costs. This was not the beginning of the end. The *true* Carolinian, who was the offending party, procured a warrant from a "justice," and had the other incarcerated for *assault and battery;* and this, without granting him a hearing or giving him an opportunity to procure bail. Here he remained for weeks, among the lowest criminals, and would have remained for months, had it not been for the kindly interposition of the member of the bar to whom we have before referred, who procured his release through the Attorney-General. That young man was subject to the meanest impositions in South Carolina; but in his native city he holds a responsible appointment under the Governor of the State.

7th. A magistrate issues a "peace warrant" upon the slightest pretext. This is done upon parties who are held as having *no position*, and being poor, they must go to jail without a hearing. After a certain durance, the same magistrate will intercede for them, and on payment of an attorney's fee—for they always associate the

office with the legal profession, and work upon two distinct angles—can procure his release. If he has no money, he has the point of option before him—"*leave the State,*" or remain in durance vile "a year and a day." An instance is known where a young man was kept in jail several successive *years* and *days* by this process, merely to gratify the feelings of a relative—and finally dispatched his tortured existence by committing suicide in prison.

These grievances exist in full force in your own "blooming garden of freedom," Mr. Simms; and we have witnessed the amount of suffering they entail upon dependent families with pained feelings.

Husbands put their wives in jail to please their fancy, and wives do the same *vice versa*, all through the medium of a magistrate, who gets his retainer, and charges the "fees to the State." We know an instance where a woman committed her husband five times in a few weeks for intoxication. The State stood the fees. And notwithstanding the gallantry and chivalry of South Carolina, ladies are imprisoned for debt—and have to remain in durance among the sterner sex

and low criminals, weeks, months, and perhaps years—as the case may be. We know a beautiful instance which took place the present year, where a lady attempted to scale the walls, but made a singular escape *through* the modesty of the defendant's attorney, clearing the city just in time to save herself from the hands of the sheriff.

8th. Men serve their sentences, and are arrested upon a peace warrant for the same offence before they have escaped the prison doors, are re-committed, and must remain a *year and a day, or leave the State. See cases* "Miller *vs.* ——," "Comens *vs.* ——," "Kelly *vs.* ——;" the first was an inoffensive old man, who had been attached to the custom-house for a *great many* years. *Everybody* said it was a *shame*, but nobody acted to relieve him. The others were lads, and left the State in accordance with the majesty of the law.

Mr. Simms may meet us with that general rejoinder which greets those who "*interfere*" with a master when unlawfully punishing *his* negro, "It is none of *your* business." But we are among the "flowers" of his own "blooming garden," and we shall continue to the black ones, showing what they are.

This is a very profitable business for the county sheriff, and the magistrates, but hard amusement for those who are compelled to suffer in their cells, through the most dangerous season, waiting for the October term of the Court—especially when the members of the bar have power to *postpone* the setting of the Court a few weeks for their own accommodation.

9th. Here men are found nearly naked, having sold their clothes and little effects, to procure the means to sustain life: men who were committed upon suspicion of trifling offences, and had waited in jail six and seven months, without a hearing. *See* the cases of Bergen and Quail. In fact, so little attention is paid by the public to what is going on within their institutions, that a few years ago a well known *Jew* was appointed jail-master by the sheriff, and instead of respecting the duties of his office, prohibited liquor from without, and opened a *bar-room* within, selling the poisonous drug to the poor prisoners, at an exorbitant price, and taking their little jewelry and clothing, at a paltry pittance, in return. This gentleman (*Tobias*) now enjoys his wealth thus made, with as much importance as the straight-forward merchant.

We called this poor men's justice when we were in Charleston, and we call it the same now.

Now if we take into consideration that a judicial magistrate forms the highest *tribunal* by which a negro can be tried, except in capital crimes, when he is honoured with a board of three or five freeholders, we may form some estimation of the justice that awaits him. Mrs. Stowe made an error when she said: "Thank God, the slave trade has been abolished;" and Mr. Simms made a fatal one when he founded his review upon the law and the penitentiaries; he forgot that she had none of the latter.

The reader may ask us, "Why are men kept starving? you said the State allowed thirty cents a day." We answer: it is upon the same principle that laws are made to protect the slave, and remain a dead letter upon the statutes. The prisoner gets what is called a pound of bread and a pound of meat—the former tolerable, and the latter unfit for human beings. The bread costs three, and the meat five cents per pound, *as per contract.* But as no provision is made for him to cook his *meat*, he is forced to the necessity of accepting a pint of *something* called soup—reducing

the cost of his allowance to six and a quarter ($6\frac{1}{4}$) cents per day, leaving a profit of ($13\frac{3}{4}$) thirteen and three-quarter cents per head for somebody.

The nigger gets neither bread nor meat, but is fed at a cost of about four cents a day, and he must be contented at that. Now these are gross wrongs, and could not exist in any other "blooming garden" than Charleston—Mr. Simms' *own* home. They are very unpopular themes to touch, it is true; yet a *strange* voice sounded them in the executive ear a few months ago, and, honour to the awakening spirit of Governor Means, he called for a statement, propounding fourteen questions. The question is, did he receive it as per records?

On reading a Charleston paper, a few days ago, we were much pleased to find that the *Grand Jury*, after a century of abuses, had come to the grave consideration of making a presentment of these things; but lest they should personally offend, exonerated the peculating party, and charged the blame to the sovereign State. The jailer gets none of this immense profit, nor produces the suffering which it entails. He is poor, yet *above* it; and takes from his own table to appease the craving

necessities of those around him. Mr. Simms should have known these things; it was his duty, not ours. He should have searched out the *secret life* of his own city, before he told his readers that such things could not exist there, in the face of law and hospitality—pointing them to the miserable condition of the poor in New England. He should have preceded Mrs. Stowe, been a missionary among the abuses, and not fallen into those ancient *State* opinions, scouting the working system of a penitentiary, and substituting lingering idleness, aggravated necessity, and the whipping-post *in the market*, for proper correctives.

10th. We have seen a negro trader march seven negroes, hand-cuffed and chained, through the public streets of Charleston at noon-day; and yet Mr. Simms comments at length upon the inconsistency of chaining the *hero* Tom. And we have seen five white men linked in iron fellowship, on their way to the market, there to be stripped and lashed, according to the sovereign law. The affair presented an importance in keeping with the dignity of the State, and was worthy of a more descriptive pen than ours. Numerous officials, in full dress, holding long tip-staffs in

their hands, and the sheriff in his toggery officiated in the busy scene; the latter applied the lash to the bare back, apparently for the amusement of a crowd of "niggers," who gathered around, and were "right glad to see Buckra git im, cos he know how he feel." There is a singular incongruity in disgracing a white man in the estimation of a negro, yet giving the meanest white man supreme power over him. But if the negro *dare not* raise his hand to a white man, he has a consolation of being whipped according to the most improved principles of modern science, as well in the hoisting machine as the privacy—we mean when he is whipped according to *law*. This has become a sort of *funny dowry* in the feelings of the people, and they treasure it for what it may bring forth. Mr. Simms must reason upon natural effect, learn the poor white man's position, and estimate the negroes in comparison.

Does this not bespeak a reckless disregard of human rights—of law and justice? The reader will say yes, and think strange that it exists! And it exists because men have inured their feelings to a system of slave life, and associate every thing connected with labour and suffering with its

endurance. They hear of suffering and wrong—men grasping each other's property—slaves being dragged off—free negroes run off—slaves levied upon—retained by stress, distress warrants, and cruelty of bad owners—and yet they seem to them mere every-day affairs, unpoetical and unworthy of their pity. The straight forward business man knows little of them, and proceeds to the cares of his counting-room as if they were matters entirely uninteresting to his business; the *democratic aristocrat* sits smoking his cigar in the jolly affluence of life—to accommodate his good lady he may write an order for some "wench" to carry to the work-house and get herself "paddled;" the middle classes scratch for a living, measuring the square inches of work in their employed negroes; the voice of the lower class is dependent, and the *press dare* not touch them—just in this proportion is the slave's wrongs left untouched.

11th. Now Mr. Simms, while the law is trampled upon in your city, and the rights of the poor disregarded, what is the power of money? and how are favours dispensed to the man of position? We could enlighten you with a detailed history, but will content ourselves with

referring you to one or two prominent and well known cases: "Gatewood *vs.* State of South Carolina; Gatewood *vs.* Moses; Laurens *vs.* ——. The public cry shame; yet justice sleeps for them, and sentences tarry by the way-side—perhaps in the Attorney-General's pocket. When you speak of justice, remember its qualities; and when you name law for the slave's protection, know that you are endeavouring to impress the minds of your readers with an intolerant absurdity.

12th. The character of Haley, and his association with Shelby, seems to be a particular objection, and in connection with *the law*, forms particular reasons for branding Mrs. Stowe's book as "a tissue of falsehood." Now let us go to your own door, that you may not mistake, and point you to pictures of perfection set forth in Mrs. Stowe's book. Bob. Austin, Bob. Adams, and Rumney "on Santee." The transactions of the latter would outshine those of Haley; while the mendacity of the former has been more daring, and so openly displayed in your midst as not to have escaped your notice. You must go among them, listen to their fine spun tests of "nigger natur,"

how they swop—"strike a trade for a gal, a prime feller, extra prime feller, young-un; and an old rack that a'nt got seven coppers worth a flesh on him, that they intend to make a clare two and two aughts upon." You must discard etiquette, for it wont do to stand upon point of caste, necessity waves that, but be friendly and sociable with them, and inform yourself upon their sacred occupation through agreeable endeavours.

13th. The reader must note the names of Bob. Adams and Bob. Austin, for we intend to give samples of their bold mendacity in the "sunny city," that he may contrast it with that of Mrs. Stowe's Haley. As for Rumney—he will give you an exciting history of his life on the borders of Texas—his slave traffic in the Middle and Southern States—his connections with Bob. Austin and Mr. G——, of Charleston, and what a cunning system he had for running off free negroes, and "how he did'nt care seven coppers for the law." He will tell you about his being pestered with runaways—how he "peppered" them with shot, "good big slugs"—let his hounds worry their "*shins*," and finally, how he applied the stock

of his "double-barrel gun" until he made them submit with their eyes popping out. He will also tell you his revolting mode of examining wenches, before he purchased; frightening them into obedience; his punishments; trouble in separating "wenches" from their "blasted young uns," and terrors coupled with jolly times. Yes! he will give you the whole *modus operandi* of making up his gang—very cool, very unassuming, and perfectly business-like—assuring you at the same time that he is just the "*humanest* man about." That niggers have actually run to him for protection, begging him to buy them of their masters. Rumney is a right "good fellow" in his way, and you must "take somethin" whenever he asks you to join, in order to get the beauty of his knowledge. If he present his "flaming dagger," telling you what he has done with it, and how he defied the whole guard of Charleston, you must not shudder—flatter his *bravery*.

The association of his trade has made him what he is, and the good traits of his character may yet be warmed into genial nature. His history of the slave trade would make a work of immense interest. We had the *pleasure* of his acquaintance,

and stored our noddle with his choicest morsels. They are of rare species—truths blooming in Mr. Simms' "blooming garden of freedom." Rumney will invite you to his pleasant home on Santee—tell you how he "shoots" his neighbour's "niggers" for hunting his hogs with "*cur-dogs*" instead of hounds; and how he waylaid them in the swamp, and nearly killed them, imitating the manner in which they jumped when he put the "plugs" into them; and he will tell you how, when their owners came down upon him on horseback, he presented his "double-barrel," and bid them defiance. He will, too, disclose a little logic in the law, by telling you he knew they could not touch him, for "nigger" testimony "war'nt worth a ——." *For particulars see Georgetown district.*

Here is a Haley at Mr. Simms' own door; and marks are abundant in every district of the State, so perfectly set forth in Mrs. Stowe's book, that it were impossible for Mr. Simms to have overlooked them. We therefore submit it, whether his errors are unconscious or intentional!

14th. We must now pass to his forced doctrine, that the slave being property, founds his master's interest, consequently he will not abuse that which

is to his own detriment. This is straining probability for an issue—something after the principle that every man acts for his own interest in everything. Mr. Simms should have contrasted the subtleness of man's nature, and the power of mental and physical action in governing his purposes, with that medium of probability which hangs upon mere circumstance. This is a pre-eminent point in Mrs. Stowe's book—to show Southerners that they neglect their own interests.

Every good master will acknowledge that it is for his interest to feed his negro well; but that the principle is carried out, no honest Southerner will insist. In our observation, we should class it upon a par with asking an honest son of the Emerald Isle, working his frame of bones in a "gravel cart," why he did not feed that animal better? Upon the same principle, it would be better for his interest. Mr. Simms does not seem to analyze the effect of circumstance. We have witnessed many instances where negroes were worked down by hard masters, to the last stage of animal substance. This was done by the necessity of procuring crops with insufficient means. In this manner gangs are sent to market in the

fall, with scarcely enough instinctive activity to support them. In this state it becomes necessary for the "broker" to put them through a process of physical "fatting," and mental quickening, before they are fit to present under the hammer.

Mr. Simms can find this out by stepping from his study into the jail, work-house, or *any* of the slave-dealer's establishments. In Alabama, the act of her Legislature provides a proper ration of meat every day for the slave, establishing a penalty if the master withholds it. In South Carolina, food and raiment is entirely optional with the master; and Mr. Simms will not attempt to deny the fact, that few masters in his State give their negroes anything but corn. We have heard the mendacity of this subject discussed with as much freedom among Southerners in Charleston, as it would be at the North. Now what is the amount of labour required of the negro? how is his physical construction estimated, and what is he required to sustain it with? We all know how far the amount of labour is graduated by the feelings of the master; but we must take the generality of plantation life, and make our estimate upon the best circumstances. Here we find that the "prime

fellow" cannot finish his task in less than nine or ten hours, and to support his animal constitution through this, he receives a peck of corn a week—if "massa be fust rich rice planter," he will give his "prime hands" two pounds of bacon with it. Even this is a beggarly charity, when we consider the planter's boasted affluence. This bacon is generally rancid and oily, principally Western sides and shoulders of "small meat," and often very bad.

Let the reader reflect upon the natural issue of this state of things, and he will soon see the evils which Mrs. Stowe has pointed at with unmistakable aim. Mr. Simms' fine, fat, saucy, shiny niggers, are principally those presented in the best phase of city life, where it would not become the etiquette of a *gentleman of position*, unless his servants appeared with becoming gentility before his guests.

The plea of property interest as a protection is the weakest that could be advanced.

In conversation with an intelligent Charlestonian, a few weeks ago, upon the system which planters pursued in the Georgetown and upper districts of South Carolina, where he had resided,

we asked him "why such a regime was pursued, when planters knew it was against their interests?"

"A great many planters are advanced by their factors beyond the extent of their proper credit, and having exhausted their means, they are forced to take care of their crop in a limited period, and go upon the principle that there is plenty fish in the brooks, and game in the swamps, which the negroes can procure and take care of themselves, after task," said he.

This was making no consideration for incidental liability. "Virtually that he must steal, if he cannot procure it in any other way," said we.

"Well, it too often amounts to that—the system is bad and to be regretted," he rejoined, with something of a forced acknowledgment.

We will now instance a case in point, and refer Mr. Simms to proofs. A planter upon the Peedee owned a gang of negroes, upon which a broker in Charleston held a mortgage. There were also several executions against the planter, and attempts had been made to levy upon "the property;" but the mortgagee, holding valid priority, acted as his guardian; yet he was bound to

surrender them to his mortgagee as soon as his crop was gathered. His factor had advanced him upon the crop, and held a prior lien upon it. Here it would have been for the interest of the mortgagee, that the negroes were well taken care of; but, the master, although his possession was negative, his power was absolute up to a certain period, and "the property" mortgaged in a high state of the market, was at its full value according to the decline, consequently his only interest was in the amount of the crop to be gathered. He was compelled to gather his crop without proportionate means to feed his negroes, and they were sent into the market in the worst condition we ever saw human beings. Had Mr. Simms stepped to the jail, he would have witnessed the comical process of fattening and polishing the spiritual life of property. The worthy "broker," who every night thanked God that he was a good Christian, ordered the jailer to "stuff" their skins with as much meat as it "could hold," and would marshal them himself every morning—precisely as Mrs. Stowe has described. *See Condy and Poulnot.*

15th. Another point of objection with Mr. Simms, is the unnecessary brute force employed by the trader.

A single instance will show the correctness upon that point. In September last, we saw one of the dealers we have before mentioned, take a negro he had purchased to make up his gang, and after ironing him, and putting a huge pair of handcuffs upon his wrists, then, seizing them by the middle with his hands, placed his foot against the negro's heart, and uttering a fierce imprecation, made the negro brace with all his power, until the poor victim groaned under the pain. This brute force was unnecessary—the "boy" had been a peaceable, quiet creature all his life, spoke of good Master and his kindness to him with tears in his eyes. This "boy" was from Beaufort—"sold for no fault" *save* his Master's reduced fortunes. He was a good representative of one of Mrs. Stowe's characters.

This brute force was not to test the strength of the irons about his hands, as the dealer pretended, but to overawe the negro, and teach him what a monster he had to deal with. *See* George Ingram, jun., and Capt. Poulnot.

16th. In answer to another point of objection, we will refer to the *Boy Peter*, the property of the very Rev. Mr. Y——.

Peter, his mother, and three sisters, had been the pious, favoured, and respectable servants of this Rev. gentleman from childhood. With him reverend nature was just like many other good men's—not impregnable to frailty. The changes of fortune fell upon him, and he struggled under Mr. Simms' particular necessity "*i. o. u.*" Peter was jail'd for the market, with a pledge of honour from his Master that *he would* not sell him out of the city, or away from the family, and that he would give instructions to Mr. McB——, his "broker," to that effect. Affairs became pressing, money short, nigger not sold, price did'nt suit, conditions wouldn't stand—and the "broker" played his man upon the point. Finally, the Rev. gentleman, in order to save his scruples, sold Peter to the "broker." Here he went through the usual routine of tests before customers, such as quick-step "monkey-shines," knockings on the chest with the full force of the "broker's" *fist*, standing against the wall, and having his lower jaw and his "shins" rapped with a whip stock to show how he could jump, and all without effecting a sale. This may seem strange to the distant reader, after all such means had been taken to display his

merits of sale, and particularly his good disposition—which means humbleness. But they are only little flowering truths bespotting the paths of Mr. Simms' "blooming garden of freedom."

It is soon settled that the "*boy*" must be shipped to New Orleans, but Peter will not believe it, for "he no *Buckra* unsartin, but Massa too big Christian to betray confidence so." It was too true for his feelings, and in a few days he found himself manacled and marched off to join the chain-gang. We, with several others, witnessed this scene, and our object is to place it where you cannot mistake the object.

The poor fellow begged with tears in his eyes for time to see his "Old Massa," and his mother and sisters once more. Was he allowed it?—No! he was kicked out of the door with his manacles on, and the jailer ordered to put his old mother, who visited him while he was "caged for market," up in the cells to satisfy another claim. *See Records.*

No writer ever portrayed scenes, nor delineated character with so much perfection, as Mrs. Stowe has done the associations of Haley and Shelby.

17th. Eliza! It seems impossible, to Mr.

Simms that the heroic nobleness of such a creation should exist under a dark skin—no matter what her extraction may be. In order to be as comprehensible as possible we will point to the Eliza, a piece of property once owned by the same very Rev. gentleman, who failed to make her his mistress, through her firm defiance—and caused a domestic eruption in his household. We must not venture beyond a point of delicacy; yet she was an Eliza with daring virtues. Sit down by her and hear her story, Mr. Simms—the public know it well. The cause of her being sent off—her miserable condition when in the slave-dealer's hands—her mother's appeal, and the manner she was found and brought back by a gentleman in your city, would make a narrative more glaring than the picture of Mrs. Stowe's Eliza. We could point to a dozen such Elizas in your own city!—how strange that they should have escaped your notice. The fact may be, simply, a small difference in the measure of mind between Northerners and Southerners, one viewing them as "horrible" outrages upon human nature, the other, as things common to ordinary life.

18th. For specimens of St. Clair's establishment and change of fortune, we cannot do better than to refer you to George street. Ask who lives in those old noble looking Doric edifices, and listen to the oft repeated answer—there is a legend in it! They tell you—"O, bless me, yes! it was once the mansion of the *so-and-so's*—one of the '*first families*,' but they are poor now—*it was a sudden downfall.* Mr. What-you-may-call-um owns it now; they say he did'nt get it honestly. There was a long *suit* about it, and poor so-and-so died miserably poor at last."

You will find the portrait of life there, and in many other streets of Charleston. Those noble old *castles* have changed with the circumstances of their owners, from time to time, and the transformation meets the observer's eye at every glance, and has been developed in detail by Mrs. Stowe, who holds its secret history at the point of her pen.

19th. We now come to the great point upon which Mr. Simms has joined issue with Mrs. Stowe;—the existence of a Legree, his cruelty to uncle Tom, and what would be the result if such a thing should occur.

By the laws of South Carolina, it is a penal offence to "*run off*," or sell freemen into slavery; yet no person in Charleston, acquainted with the workings of slave-dealers, will question the fact of their being "*run off*," or of its being of frequent occurrence. Now let us ask Mr. Simms to point us to an instance where the penalty was enforced? Again, he will not deny that masters have brutally murdered their slaves. Have they suffered the penalty?

We will now *cite* Legrees and "Uncle Toms," and if Mr. Simms requires the particular history, revolting as it is, we will give it in detail. On "James' Island," *near at hand*, is the gentleman we have referred to before. Mr. Simms cannot miss him, and the neighbours will disclose the history of his tyranny. Many of his punishments were similar to that of his namesake on Red River, with the grave exception of his tying them to trees, and leaving them, cut and bleeding, all night. If this is not sufficient, we will go to the plantation of a certain Mr. Butler, at Beaufort district, where transactions well known to the public at large have stained the name of civilization.

To be more unmistakable in our citations, we

Uncle Tom at Home

will found them upon records of Court—here we l eg Mr. Simms to follow us into Edgefield district. Here the case of *Harden* vs. *State of South Carolina*, presents one of the "best boys" in the State murdered in the most brutal manner; and the cause—the lust of the master. The evidence is that Harden, assisted by his overseer, took the "boy" to a corn-shed or barn, stripped him, tied him to a rack, and lashed him with a cow-hide in the morning and afternoon, until the flesh became haggled upon his back. Not satisfied with this barbarous ferocity, he went to the bloody spot on the following day, and again, with the assistance of his overseer, drew the victim's head and feet together with ropes, and committed a barbarous outrage upon his body, which not quite ending his life, he dispatched it with a wooden weapon a few hours after.

What was done with Harden? Will Mr. Simms tell his readers, or shall we ?————He fled the State, and his overseer cleared himself by turning State's evidence. As soon as the little excitement was over, the *black death of a black "nigger"* subsided. Mr. Harden returned, gave himself up to the power of accommodating justice,

was tried at the fall term of the Court of Sessions—and notwithstanding the influence of a *report* that the deceased had attempted to commit an outrage upon a white female—the case was too revolting, and the evidence too positive, to admit a doubt upon which the jury could clear him, and he was found guilty of wilful murder.

"Was he hung?" the reader will ask. Hung indeed!—hang a *white* man for killing a "nigger!" ah! that would be a pretty principle to establish against the sovereignty of the institution. No efforts, save those of constrained necessity were made for the rigour of the law, while the *great* talent of the State was arrayed for the defendant. He appealed to the "Appeal Court," the appeal was granted, his bail continued, and that tribunal ordered the case back for a new trial. In the course of a year, the case was again brought before the Court of Sessions, where the jury, after mature deliberation, brought in a verdict of manslaughter, with a suspending clause recommending him to certain mercies. Is he to be found in one of Mr. Simms' "penitentiaries?" No, reader, he was allowed to do as all gentlemen do, and was simply pardoned by the executive in

consideration of the verdict. Forgetting the absence of penitentiaries in South Carolina was an oversight in Mr. Simms.

Follow me into Darlington district, and examine the case of *Benton* vs. *State of South Carolina.* Here *a man* died one of the most brutal deaths that the force of mind could picture. He is dragged to a blacksmith's shop, his tongue seared and almost drawn from his head with red-hot tongs —then stripped, and branded upon indecent parts of his body, and the next day again tied up and lashed, and left in a miserable place, where he died in less than twenty-four hours—a more torturous death than that of Mrs. Stowe's hero. These things may startle the more sensitive feelings of mankind; and we hear voices around us saying, "you do wrong to tell them abroad"—but they are truths which should be ferreted out and exposed, and the perpetrators of them made to suffer that condign punishment which they deserve, for through them the good master suffers.

Where is the offender in this case? Accommodating justice granted him bail, and he is a gentleman at large, after making a short visit into North Carolina. *See Dr. Boise and Mr. Prince* of Darlington District.

Now let us point to a more recent case, and await the issue of justice there. The case of *Craig*, charged with the murder of his slave. This case was to have been tried a few weeks ago, before the Court of Sessions at Laurensville, Judge Evens presiding. There is a revolting history connected with this case; and yet we know the complexion of society so well, that we can anticipate an *honourable* acquittal, or a peremptory pardon, if found guilty.

Can the reader imagine how these things have escaped Mr. Simms' observation, that he should have made no allowance for them in his "Southern View?"

20th. Upon another particular point of objection, which is brought up in the shape of a general *pot-pourri* of characters and property interests, we will refer to the well known case of *Bella Martin*.

This case is attended with threefold more mendacity than anything in Mrs. Stowe's book—the principal feature making it so, being that of the *State* trying to reduce human beings from a state of freedom into that of slavery. There is history and misery enough in this case to fill a volume, and yet it lies buried among the things of local life.

Bella, "a likely wench," lives in a little cabin at Walterboro, in the State of South Carolina, labouring at honest toil. According to *usage*, she becomes the wife of a mulatto man, and the issue is "a likely daughter." In the course of years, this daughter becomes the mistress of a certain Mr. Price, and the issue is three children—Benj. Price, Anna Price, and Eliza Price—the former becomes a "tip-top likely fellow," and the "gals" are extra fair to look upon. Hence, Bella is a grandmother. But, in the meantime, "Martin" (a widower with three sons) steps in, separates Bella from her mulatto lord, and takes her unto himself—*hence* the name of Bella Martin. Price, the father of the three children, "*dies out*," and the mother dies a premature death. At this juncture Bella and her grand-children are the property of Mr.——, who threatens to sell them "off," unless Martin—who was a man of "property"—becomes a purchaser. Martin assented, paid the purchase money, and received his bill of sale according to the conditions. Hence they were his for any purpose. Martin has children by Bella, but they all die at an early age. His sons by lawful wedlock become desperate charac-

ters, and attempt to squander his property in riotous living. He is compelled to distrain them, and finally abandon them to their dissolute fate. They make an attempt to get his property upon the plea of their father's insanity, before a court of justice. Failing in this, they attempted to "*run off*" the children, but only succeeded in carrying off, beyond the limits of the State, one small child.

Martin died a friendless death; but anticipating the fate of Bella and her grand-children, bequeathed them their freedom, which was set forth in his will, and also by papers which he *thought* to be in accordance with the law.

"Jones" is the executor of Martin's "property," and during his life saw it righted—but he died, and his son-in-law, *Hudson*, succeeded him. And being an avaricious man, he began to make advances to get possession of the "property" for his own benefit and behoof. Bella, becoming aware of this, moved to Charleston neck, where she lived in want and misery several years. Martin's sons have also moved to Charleston, where one died a besotted inebriate, and the others have become miserable specimens of loathing nature. Another

plot is propounded between them and Hudson to dispose of the three children, and by flattering Bella, they induce her to become a third party—necessary to its success. This fails, and finally, one by one, the two sons and Bella died wretched inebriates, in a miserable hovel on "the neck."

The three children are now alone, acknowledged as free children; the girls work at dress-making, and the boy is with a Mr. Johnson, who, with Mr. Hoppo, act as the reputed guardians of the three. And here quiet prevails for a time.

Incited by the love of gain, Hudson makes his last grand attempt to put the value of the "property" in his pocket. He enters into a fiendish plot with the aforesaid Bob Austin and Mr. Gilchrist, a "broker." A bill of sale purporting to be from Bella Martin to Hudson, with the value of the three children, price paid, &c. &c., lays the corner stone. With this Gilchrist is to proceed, carriages and other means are at hand, and Bob Austin is to run them into a distant State. When there he is to put them into the hands of another "broker," the correspondent of Gilchrist, who, with the specific understanding that exists among them, will sign the bond necessary for

their sale—and they are slaves for life. While these papers were being arranged, a little yellow boy overheard the plot, and warned the children a few hours in advance of the officers. They in turn, living on the alert of chance, knew the work-house keeper, Poulnot, for his kindness to them on former occasions, and fled to him for protection. He shut the doors of the prison upon them as he would upon some harmless animal seeking its escape from the savage ferocity of wild beasts.

Here they remained fast, under the lock of the keeper of the prison; and entered upon the calendar, by consent, as committed by Messrs. Hoppo and Johnson, "guardians." This was necessary, for they had no right to commit themselves, and the keeper would be liable for the consequences unless sustained by responsible names.

Gilchrist, with Bob Austin and a posse, at noonday repaired to the residence of the "*property*"—but it was gone. They followed it to the work-house, and producing the aforesaid bill of sale, demanded the "property" from the custody of the keeper, threatening him with imprisonment if he refused. *Poulnot*, honour to his name, for it will stand as a lasting record of firmness in behalf of

humanity, refused to give them up, daring them to attempt a rescue! He is persecuted, a suit is instituted by the Hudson party, and another demand is made, with papers and *satisfactory* certificates, but he holds on as firm as ever, refusing to give them up until the case is decided by the Court. *Northrop* appears as attorney for the *wreckers*, and after a shameful display of legal rascality, demands them, papers in hand, for the *pirates*.

The possession of the "property" is now turned into a piratical chase, upon which several enjoin their *honest energies*. In addition to Northrop, *Tupper* appears as attorney for a Mrs. Price, who claims them by a singular technicality of relationship with the father. And finally, to cap the climax, *Ford*, the escheator of the State, interposes his claim on behalf of the State, demanding that these poor victims be sold on behalf of his sovereign client. Here they are in prison, awaiting the sitting of that court which is to decide a question, which to them is liberty or death.

After a long history of dark villany, which we cannot recount here, Anna died in *child-birth*, alone, and within the narrow confines of a dark cell, presenting the appearance of a ghastly corpse

to the turnkey who opened the cell in the morning. At this juncture, the "generous hearted" Magrath, a gentleman who has honoured his city, if his city has never honoured him in proportion, came forward as their attorney, and the case was brought before the Court of Sessions in Charleston, October Term, 1844, Judge Withers presiding. The evidence elicited, the mendacity of the slave-dealers, the statement of the prison-keeper, the appearance of the children before the Court, and the eloquent and feeling appeal of Magrath in behalf of their freedom, would form a subject fraught with more miseries than Mrs. Stowe's book has set forth.

This case excited some interest at the time, and called forth a redundance of legal quibbling that would have disgraced the name of honor in a pirate's profession. Will Mr. Simms tell us what was the issue of this long and tedious case?

The characters of Austin and Gilchrist were exposed—their testimony impeached, and the bill of sale purporting to be from Bella Martin to Hudson, *and in the handwriting of Austin*, by a singular incident shown to be a forgery. It was further shown that Hudson had attempted to sell them before, and that Mrs. Price's claim was

invalid, she not being akin to the father of the children; and yet Martin's will, which must have transcended to Hudson, cannot be found.

The jury, after mature deliberation, render their *conclusion* that, although the children have produced no proof to assert their freedom, they are not the "property" of the claimants, *Hudson* and *Price*—remanding them back to the custody of the prison keeper and their guardians. Thus the question of life and liberty was now between them and the sovereign State; and it remained for Mr. Ford to bring his suit upon another ground, in order to throw the amount of testimony upon the children.

Poulnot was on the alert, and having no order from court, delivered the "property" to its guardians before the escheator had time to levy.

The boy was disguised, and ushered out of the State as quick as possible, and now lives a respectable citizen in a northern city. The girl had become connected with a young German, who was as much attached to her as if she was his lawful wife, and would not consent to her leaving the State, but kept her locked up in his house, promising to defend her at the issue of life and death.

But the mendacity of the negro traders did not

end here; soon after the decision of the jury, and in the face of the court, an attempt was made to wrest them from the custody of the officers, and run them off. This being frustrated by a summary process, we must trace the victim, Eliza Price, to her friend's (Ashe) house, where she remains under his lock and protection for nearly three years, and dare not go into the street, lest she should fall into the hands of the officers whom the escheator had placed to arrest her. How is this? the reader will ask, and the Carolinian will tell you how necessary it is for the benefit of the slave.

It is by one of those strange acts made to despoil the power of a majority, and crushing a few "free coloured" while aiming to protect the white population. By the act of the legislature of 1821, the power of emanumition, which formerly existed in a board of judicial magistrates, is reverted to a committee of the House, and so burdened with provisions as to render it almost impossible for a majority of masters to manumit their slaves, if they felt disposed, unless they sent them immediately out of the State. The principle features of the provisions being the deposit of a heavy collateral fund, and enormous bonds for the good beha-

viour of the "property"—that it will not become a town charge, &c., &c. In default of this the State renders the "property" subject to *escheate*, and the slave is sold on its behalf without any reserve for *its* condition in the hands of subsequent owners.

These children were born slaves by inheritance of the mother, and had not proved their freedom, nor had Martin, by his will, conformed to the requirements of the statutes. Hence it becomes the escheator to get his fees, and look after the State's interest—and thus the action. Three years she remains in durance under the protection of Mr. Ashe, when, on the 22d day of October last, during his absence from home, under an impression that the matter had ended, the officers broke into his house, dragged Eliza and her young child off captives of the law, and committed them to the custody of the work-house keeper, there to await an order of sale from the Court. She cannot prove her freedom, for she is deprived of the means; so we shall await the issue between this poor, last remnant of fortune's misfortunes and the State's pride.

Had Mr. Simms lent a listening ear to the long

train of miseries connected with this case, and sifted the evidence with the feelings of one enlisted in the cause of humanity, he would have saved a Southern reputation as well as a "Southern View." You have said to the world that the book was a tissue of falsehood. We say to the world, these are the truths of Mrs. Stowe's book, staring you in the face; and before you again raise a pen against them, go to that municipal slave pen, "the work-house," with its four hundred pens, to measure the square inches of human length and breadth; and in one of these cold cloisters, on the second floor, you will find Eliza Price and her child. Her cell is seven-by-four feet, or nearly, and if you cannot get *into it*, call her to the door—sit down by her, ask why she was put in there instead of the jail? study the point of law it was intended to evade, and listen to the story of her wretched life. Imagine it just as full of poetry as if it came from white lips, for her soul is *white*, and her lips are nearly so; then give her that assistance which it behooves a good Samaritan, or she will be sold into slavery for the benefit of the State.

21st. While Mr. Simms is at the work-house, we cannot better answer another point of his

"View," than by referring him to the cases of Caleb and Alexander McKim, brothers, who were set free by the Quakers in Maryland. After an attempt had been made to sell these "boys," in Craven County, North Carolina, and objected to by Sheriff Chadwick, they are decoyed into a sequestered place, chains secured with padlocks put about their necks, their hands and feet manacled, put into a waggon, and driven at full speed to Grahamville, by Tilman Cherry. There he was met by Bob Adams, who pays an amount of money to Cherry, takes his chained property, and proceeds with it to the steamer at Wilmington, bound for Charleston. On board of the steamer their chains are released, and while Adams sleeps, they disclose their history to the captain, who intercedes for them, and they are handed over to an officer of police in Charleston. This officer procured a commitment from *Magistrate Gyles*, and upon this they are committed to jail. Now, in this position, the magistrate is an absolute functionary—he has made no return of the case, and they are simply committed upon parole evidence. Thus the jailer recognises his order of discharge as positive. Now by law these "boys" were en-

titled to a hearing before a proper tribunal; but they had no money, consequently unable to procure counsel to proceed for them. They offered to work if an attorney would take up their cause, and we used our endeavours to procure one for them, knowing they were unsafe in their position, but justice had no life for them; and their cause was so *unpopular* that we could enlist nobody.

The official by-play connected with slave-dealers and magistrates would be a good subject for Mr. Simms to study. It would not only enlighten him upon the theory of moral honesty, but strengthen his views upon home subjects. But they were got away by Bob Adams, and how did he effect it? Why he proceeded immediately on to Mississippi with his gang, leaving the affair of the McKims' in the hands of his "broker," Mr. O——; here he procures the services of a dealer in the *art*, with whom he is interested, and very soon an affidavit is returned to Charleston, charging that they "are runaways" from a *gentleman* in that State. Mr. O—— produces this affidavit before "Gyles," the matter of dollars and cents is arranged, and he issues his order of discharge to the jailer, and the slave-dealer is in possession

of his "stolen property" again. The "broker," Mr. O——, manacled these men in our presence. "Where are you going to take us?" said Caleb, as the chains were being put upon him. "To give you fifty a-piece, and then hang you, you ——!" said the broker; and they were taken to the work-house, where they were confined to evade another *point.*

Now, Mr. Simms, trace these boys into Hyde County, North Carolina, and you will find they were free. Caleb sailed Franklin Benden's boat to Newburn for several years, and Alexander run F. Jones' flat from Beaufort to Newburn. This is but one case among the many home truths growing in your own "blooming garden of freedom." You cannot point to an instance where the penalty for running off free negroes has been carried out.

The whole lawful strength of Mr. Simms' "Southern View," for the condemnation of Mrs. Stowe's book, rests upon the following citation, which he gives us after several columns upon its general merits. Speaking of the killing of runaways, and the clearness and precision of a "South Carolina judge" upon the subject, he says: "We

cannot forbear quoting his dictum as directly in point. In the case of Vetsell and Earnest and Parker, Colcock, J., delivered the opinion of the court," as follows:

"By the statute of 1740, any white man may apprehend and moderately correct, any slave who may be found out of the plantation at which he is employed. And if the slave assault the white person, he may be killed; but a slave who is merely flying away cannot be killed. Nor can the defendants be justified by common law, *if* we consider the negro as a person; for they were not clothed with the authority of the law to apprehend him as a felon, and without such authority he could not be killed. January term, 1818, 1st Nott & McCord's, S. C. Reports, 182."

We coincide with Mr. Simms in reference to the clearness of the "learned judge's dictum:" it is so perfectly clear the legal gentlemen, slave-hunters, and cruel masters may drive their points "right" through it, founding their legal discrimination upon its *if!*

22d. The offering a reward for the apprehension of runaways, *dead* or alive, is another strong evidence against the book in question. We admit

that the singularity of this part of the book would seem strange to the distant reader's mind; but it must be remembered that castes and societies are differently organized in the South from those in the North—more distinct, and at greater variance with each other. Among the lower of them, there exists a species of desperate recklessness, priding itself in disregard of common rights. South Carolina is blessed with a large portion of this semi-barbaric species, who form a melo-comic contrast to that polished refinement so much boasted of. They are called crackers, pin-*e*-woods-men, sand-pit-*ers*, wire-grass-men, &c., &c. They are a sort of squatter ("landholders"), with little or no education—owing to a wretched system of schools in that State—and live principally in log huts on the barren tracts of land. At certain seasons of the year they scruple at no occupation, however menial, and have a slang cant peculiar to themselves. They always have a little patch of corn growing, and always have a stock on hand; and in their efforts to keep it good they frequently feel the planters' shot about their heels. There is an Indian primitiveness about them without any of the Indian's nobleness; their highest ambition is

roaming the woods with rifles and double-barrel shot guns, hunting the planters' hogs, runaway niggers, or killing a deer.

Mrs. Stowe's Kentucky bar-room is a perfect picture of a "Tavern" at the crossing filled with these men, when the *candidate for Assembly* gives his "*free-will*" feast.

They are sure marksmen, and in hunting negroes would think no more of killing one than they would a dog; we can point Mr. Simms to a dozen cases. The planters stand in fear of them, and to punish their depredations is sure to be returned with firing the woods and demolishing fences. Two particular cases are of recent occurrence. One of them, Vaigneur, took deliberate aim with his double-barrel gun, and shot a lady dead while standing in her own door. This was done with public coolness, in the town of Gillisonville. We visited him in prison, and he unfolded to us a history which, perhaps, few in South Carolina know.

Another became so "entranced" with the appearance of a young lady's watch and chain, (a school teacher,) that he "brought her down" with his *double-barrel* gun, at the door of her school; then tearing the jewelry from her lifeless body,

put it about his neck, and deliberately walked into the town. In a state of society like this, and where so many fatal rencontres are taking place among better citizens, our knowledge of the inconsistency of things leaves us no compunction in believing that negroes are killed by such men; in fact, we know they are. We might instance the case of Jones and Pridgeon, in 1850. One negro was killed, and the other drowned himself in the Savannah river; and we know that singular rewards are offered for their apprehension.

On asking a gentleman why he offered a reward of seventy-five dollars for the apprehension of a negro sixty-five years of age, who had been absent two years, "To kill the d—d old rascal," he replied.

We have a letter in our possession from a highly respectable and good master, sent to Pridgeon, a negro catcher, offering a hundred dollars for the recovery of his (bad) negro fellow, who had been absent more than a year, adding that he did not care so much for the worth of him, but was determined to have satisfaction out of him; "and if you can't catch him any other way, shoot the ——"

We must have stronger proof than Mr. Simms has given us before we can condemn the book, even here.

23d. We come to that point which Mr. Simms, following the voice of several others, has denounced. The reader must not judge from the rules of law laid down in the State cited by Mr. Simms, though we are free to admit that mothers are more frequently *sold from* their children than children from their mothers. Means of evading the law are always at hand, and the force of necessity supercedes—even in "Virginia," where a striking instance came under our observation on the 30th of November last. It is well known that common law takes precedent over those made to invest the negro with rights; we will instance a case in Charleston. B—— owned a "wench" and her child about three years and six months old. B—— is indebted to C——, who holds a mortgage on the "wench;" he is also indebted to Mr. R——, a grocer, who seizes the child and sells it in satisfaction of the debt—and is sustained by law.

We have seen a child levied upon, and sent to jail to satisfy the demand of one creditor, who receiving his claim from the owner, she was held under a detainer for another, and finally sold, the owner not being able to raise means to discharge the second debt. It was fatal for Mr. Simms to wander beyond his own State for validity, when

he knew none existed. It shows a direct intention, and want of moral courage, sufficient to give us light from home.

24th. We now come to George Harris, and upon such a noble character in the person of a negro, Mr. Simms takes particular exceptions. He wants a character; and we could not present one in more perfection than the boy "Nicholas," who caused the emeute in 1849. A hero of nature, but not of the world, for an allwise Providence had clothed him in a black skin.

There are far more exciting incidents about Nicholas' character than that of George Harris'. Nicholas was a stucco-worker—one of the first in the city. His master, Kelley, a known tyrant, promises him his freedom on payment of a stipulated sum. The boy labours at extra work until midnight every night, burning with the love of freedom within him. After paying more than a third of the sum, he was defrauded by his Master, and when he sought for justice, denied it! With the natural feelings of a man basely defrauded out of that which he earned by the sweat of his brow to purchase freedom, he became incensed against his Master, refused to pay him his hard

earnings any further, and bid him defiance! He is tortured, sent to New Orleans, brought back again, and yet refuses to give his oppressor the sweat of his brow. He is placed in the slave-pen of Norman Gadsden; here he suffers again, declaring his intention to die in the struggle for his rights. An attempt is again made to send him to New Orleans—he disarms the slave-traders, and swears he will not be separated from his family associations. McNamara, and other constables are brought to seize him; but he has become like an enraged demon, and they are forced to capture him in his pen, as they would a brute. He has left the scar of his weapon upon McNamara, and notwithstanding he is thrown into a cart, and taken almost lifeless to the jail, he has injured the majesty of the law. Here cruel tortures are resorted to, with a view of extorting a confession from him, which is at length done. Animal life and mental soul is subdued at last. He is tried before a court of *three freeholders*, and two judicial magistrates, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. A kind voice is raised for him, his case carried to the appeal court, and a new trial ordered, on the ground that evidence had been extorted by cruelty.

Again he is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to three years' solitary confinement, with five paddles each month. The keeper of the prison finds his genius worth a treasure, and instead of regarding the sentence, sets him to work at ornamental stucco, and makes a profit by it. The law has separated him from family associations, and he falls in love with a young mulatto woman, who is for sale by Gilchrist and Bob Austin. They go to remove her from the prison, when his soul and body again becomes fired, and he swears he will die before they shall take her from the yard, driving-slave dealers, keepers, and everything else before him. The mayor is sent for, but during the interval Nicholas calls on his fellow-slaves to join him. They seize weapons and follow his lead; and as the mayor, with his posse, opens the gate, his arm is broken, and he laid prostrate on the ground at Nicholas' feet. Here is a George Harris at your own door—one which soars far above that of Mrs. Stowe's book. Trace it to the wrongs of a cruel Master, and the mendacity of slave-dealers, and you have the disease working into the very core of your social well being.

25th. As Mr. Simms has commented at some

length upon her fault as a dramatist, we must give it a passing notice. It is somewhat remarkable that men seldom know their own faults, and in the remarks upon her dramatic defects, and the singularity of position between George Harris and Uncle Tom, we have strong evidences of it. Mr. Simms should have been the last writer calling this subject into question. He must remember, that so far as the stage is concerned, rules of criticism have materially changed, as well as the point of pleasing different audiences. The rule of inevitable catastrophes in every scene, for effect, is known to have been repudiated by good critics upon playing, for while it aided to continue an excitement in the feelings, it confused and impaired the general plot.

But let us turn to the material merit. The object of the author is clearly defined, showing two principal phases in the slave's life, that of the old man passing through the usual course of incidents in such a life; the other, in a higher sphere, among that large class of mixed Saxon, whose high blood cannot endure the wrongs of his Master's lash—determined upon liberty, and braving the perils of attaining it. Now, according to Mr. Simms, she

should have brought them into one atmosphere! Could she have done this against an absurdity which presents itself at once? The roads grading into the depths of slavery are on the one side, and freedom on the other. How then could she have combined the threads of her narrative upon one detailed path, and given the strength of reality, extent of research, and embodiment of the general subject with the grasp that she has? To us, considering the subject of the book, it is a beauty of foreseen plan worthy of admiration instead of condemnation. What struck our attention most forcibly, was the strength of ingenuity displayed in grouping the tableaux of her last scenes. Here the dramatist finds a picture for a beautiful finale, without transplanting it with different language and adaptation. Put a book into the hands of a manager to be dramatised, and brought out upon the stage, he views the arrangement of characters—the quality of language regulated according to the position of the *dramatis personæ*, the general merits of the subject with regard to effect upon country or community, and the point of interest at his own door. We may differ from Mr. Simms, though he is aware that we have examined his

books for dramatic purposes, but we cannot see how a person with true dramatic knowledge can read the book without seeing the adjuncts of a fresh, life-like piece for the stage before him. Each character is adapted to the business of actors according to their different ranges, and with language in their mouths embodying their own character. Can we turn to Mr. Simms, and say the same? If Mrs. Stowe were at fault she could find no better excuse than to curtain herself behind the dramatic defects of Mr. Simms; perhaps we should have made an exception, for Mr. Simms has never reached a dramatic scale. The "Wigwam and Cabin," unnatural with its scenes thrown in juxtaposition—characters loathing with obscenity, in their shadowed life, and language of insipid vulgarity in their mouths, to give them an epic nauseau without unfolding the embodiment of life, are there. We look for a plot to give it life—we look for the points that we may localise it, and bring it upon the stage, but they are not there, and we are forced to abandon it.

Let us turn to the "Golden Christmas;" a pretty story drawn from amiable genius, to show the sunny side of pictured life:—let us search

among the Ned Bunner's, Paulla Beanseux' and Beatrice Mayzek's. We find a shadow of the mere object, devoid of language to give character and effect. Nothing from which we can draw the material of a piece, unless we tear down the whole structure, and rebuild at a greater expense than it would cost for an original. We may look them through—but the beauty of character with which Mrs. Stowe has embodied St. Clare, and the soul-stirring love of that sweet child, who recognises her protector in the old servant, fondles around him in the joy of buoyant life, and breathes her last prayer for his liberty, is not there. Has he given us the amiable traits of life thus drawn in the substance of character? The reader will say, No! And yet, strange as it may seem, he has ridiculed Mrs. Stowe for the closing scenes of her book, and in his concluding scenes of the "Golden Christmas" is the most singular transposition ever presented for the reader's mind.

Norman Morris is a different work; written and intended for the stage. The work opens a wide field for criticism, and our space, not allowing us to review it in detail, we will deal gently with Mr. Simms, by assuring him that it never

will reach the stage unless it be remodled, both in language and appointment. The hero must be a hero in language, and character, and soul; and Clarissa must have words to give her inward sentiment pathos, refinement, and a spirit to play the lady. Speeches must be reduced, the language of deep thought substituted for that of common place, and the call-boy's language made to contrast with the hero's. We have done with our comparisons for the present.

With regard to the careless amiability of Marie St. Clare's character, Mr. Simms points us to New England for specimens. We have no desire to charge want of energy and enterprise against Southern ladies—far from it! But there is something established in national opinion which is hard to reason against; and even Southerners, we mean the gentlemen, really admire it when they come North and see the ladies. It would be well for Mr. Simms to open his views to a wider scene of generality—leave the picture of that luxuriant-living lady at the South, who would seem not born to herself, but to some dependent existence; and that there were *creatures* springing up around her to be her handmaids for ever. Go into New

England, see the energy, force of character, moral industry, position, and happiness of the working class; the distribution of property and reigning cheerfulness and justice guiding her on to a higher destiny—contrast it with the bloated decline of dissolute life that surrounds him, and from that contrast learn lessons of true republican nobility.

Mrs. Stowe's book is like a faltering moon hovering over his own city to light up the dark scenes of horror and injustice. Let it be the opening of a better prospect for the enslaved—like a speck opening among the clouds to let down the light of heaven for those who cry in need. Let his thoughts be possessions for the benefit of *men*, and truth in concord with his style of impersonation. He must not be like Garrick, trembling at his own bursts of passion; nor like Walpole, standing in cold reluctant wonder. He must be a Whitefield in voice and spirit, and a John Howard in mind and energy—exploring the paths that lead amid benighted nature, pointing to the skirting precipice that may lead down into the dark abyss.

In conclusion let us say to Mr. Simms, Think

no more of bold strokes and brilliant surprises; let your thoughts and actions merge into the stream of humanity, and go among simple nature and be its guardian. And in answer to your concluding text—to which you have referred Mrs. Stowe, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour"—let us say: BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THYSELF NO MORE.

NOTE.—This Review, with the exception of one or two pages at the commencement, was written in December last—since then the prediction with regard to the case of Craig has been verified: he was "honourably acquitted," but a man, if such he may be called, has really been hanged in South Carolina for killing his slave, eight years old. A friend, a true Southerner, writes us that he bore a general bad character; was a bad neighbour, and cruel to his family and slaves; that the evidence was stronger that he killed the mother of the child, than the child for whose death he paid the sad penalty; that he chained the little girl to a horse in the field, and whipped her severely, but that she was not under punishment when she died.

We know our informant to be a man of noble parts, yet a good and faithful secessionist; and he adds, that the coroner's jury having slurred the matter over, that circumstance influenced the jury that tried him. He wishes us to publish the circumstance, because he thinks it reflects great credit upon slave-holders; adding, that "he died firm, expecting reprieve or *rescue* to the last moment."

We take this as an evidence that the book is doing good, although opposed to capital punishment. It has aroused slumbering justice; and the rejoicing over one retribution should be sounded to the credit of "our South." There is nothing like praise, if it be well sounded.

THE END.

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